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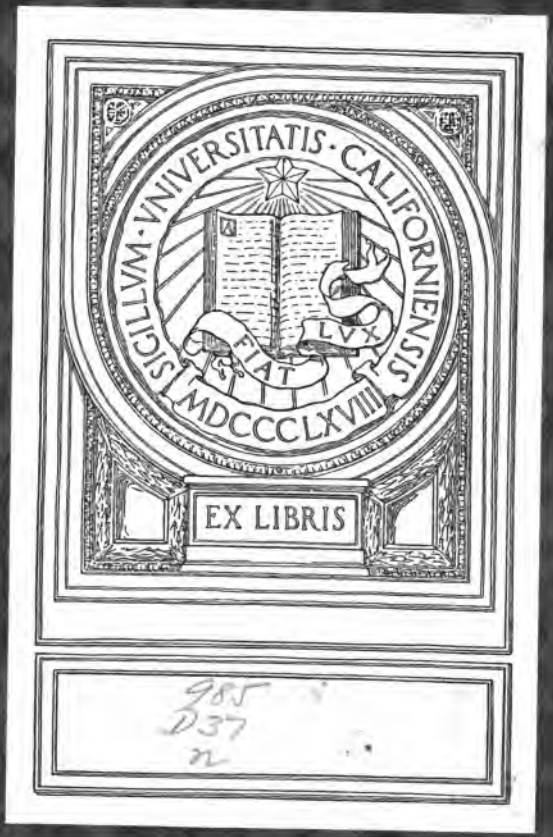
Narratives in Verse

By Lulabell Delzell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Narratives in Verse

By Lulubell Delzelle
Oakland, California

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PREFACE

To friends, and neighbors, and comrades true,
I dedicate these humble lines to you.
And to you, dear reader, I speak and say,
That ere I send this narrative on its way,
That wrapped in the silence of my heart,
Is a memory of loyalty, I ne'er would part.
May your better, purer impulse always guide
And lead you on, though storms betide.

CONTENTS

	Page
Vacation	7
God's Wonders	12
The Invasion of the Ants	13
Discouragement	14
To Gladys	16
Dreaming	17
An Ode to the Dahlias	21
The Bachelor's Farewell	22
Sister Sue	23
The Intruder	25
Hasty Hetty	27
Everybody Knows Me	28
The Pet Canary	29
Old Jim	31
Children At Play	32
The Merry Hiker	34
The Well Meaning Neighbor	35
In a Gallery of Art	38
The Passing of An Old Ferry Boat	41
A Rainy Day	43
The Old Home Place	44
The Big Round Moon	46
My Grandmother's Quilt	47
Home	49
Discarded	51
The Night Prowler	52
A Story of Love	53
The City of the Dead	54
Such Is Life	55
Christmas Is Coming	56
Fashions' Follies	57
The Old Pest	60
A Mother's Treasures	62
Old Dog Shep	63
The Miser	69
Jingle Rhymes	71
A Boy's Soliloquy	73
Discovered Friends	74
The Wrangling Companions	75
To Margie, The Maid with the Irish Eyes	77
What's the Use?	78
Second Contents	83

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Vacation

I wandered today thru the Redwood grove, where trees tower up toward the sky
And branches sway with each gentle breeze, with a mournful sigh,
While dark moving shadows creep round with mysterious power
Like the old sun-dial showing the time, and the hour.
So majestic and silent, impressive and grand,
Like marvelous sentinels in armor they stand,
While sunbeams peep down thru the canopied tower,
Dancing round and round, in this elfin-like bower.
With their long, piney arms locked in close embrace,
These forest giants shield one another from the storm's mad race;
While in some obscure and sunless place,
An ancient monarch lies moulding at thy base.

O, this noble old forest, so impressive and sad,
Has stood for centuries to shelter and to guard.
With its roots buried deep in the mossy, dark soil,
Defying and enduring, in this world of toil.
Then the pine-needles falling so soft, and deep—
Have fashioned a carpet, fit for royal feet.
While the squirrels and chipmunks, so playful and gay,
Are busy gathering hazel nuts, and storing them away.
And the noisy, saucy blue jays, with plumage of brightest hue,
Flit from branch to branch, in tantalizing view.
But the modest chick-a-dee, with song of world-wide fame,
Falls sweetly on your ear, like the patter of the rain.

Then the crows, so black and glossy, with their cousins and aunts,
Come in droves to rob your garden, devouring seeds and plants.
Heeding not the rakish scarecrow, garbed in dad's old coat and hat,
But perch boldly on its shoulders, awaking you from a noon-day nap.
Just beyond this dashing dandy, stands a maiden fair to see,
Coy and modest is this damsel, underneath the old bay tree.
But her once bright kimono is faded, torn and soiled,
So with all her winning ways I fear the maid is somewhat spoiled.
For she nods and waves her graceful arms, in a most fantastic way,
While this dandy, O, shame upon him, waves armless sleeves as if to say—
Ah, my charming sweetheart beauty, I have eyes for only thee,
Tho' we're here to terrify, let us float away, and happy be.

So with music of the caw-caw band, and music of the trees.
These armless, legless scarecrows, go wafting with the breeze.
While the crows with laughter in their eyes, and mischief in their feet,
Pretend they too, are dancing, while corn and peas they eat.
But a cold and cruel gardener, with no sentiment in his heart,
Stands the maiden in the berry-patch, so the best of friends must part.

Now, lonely and dejected, dreaming of this maiden fair,
Is a forlorn and angular scarecrow, in such dire despair.
Farewell to a vanished romance, and to a maid, farewell,
Sighs this veteran of the cornfield, where field-mice often dwell.
Where cool evening breezes blow, thru ripening yellow corn,
That echo thru the woodland, where other sounds are born.

When the quail is heard approaching, thru the brush and grasses tall,
Then you must keep so very quiet, not a word from you must fall.
First will come the daddy quail, strutting on with head erect,
Seeking out a path of safety, for his family's benefit.
While perching on a stump or brush-heap, cheeping softly—all is well—
Comes mother bird and children, of a number none can tell.
Daddy boldly views the landscape, observing each and every sound,
So, if danger should be nigh them, they go fleeing o'er the ground,
Like arrows shot from a warrior's bow, so keen, and silent, and grim,
A flutter, a flash, then all is still, so swift in motion, so fleet of wing,
While daddy rushes to their rescue, thru tangled grass and fern,
Vanishing in frantic haste, eager, wrathful, and stern.

But the joy of a tramp over mountain, thru valley or dale,
While men in eager, childish haste, go forward hewing the trail.
Khaki clad, with hats of various styles to keep off the sun,
With strong shoes well spiked, on each and every one.
Every one joyous and happy, and filled with glee,
With good strong staffs cut from some forest tree.
Then picking your way thru brambles and thru brier,
You're off on your hike, climbing higher, and higher.
Finally you reach the top and seek a place to rest,
While pointing out the landmarks, or spots each like the best,
When with a shout of warning, excitement, or fright,
From some one, a deer springs suddenly within your sight.

He leaps thru the forest, over hemlocks and stream—
Dashes down the steep mountain, till it seems but a dream;
While all is excitement, confusion and haste,
For to follow that creature, no time must you waste.
So with knapsacks quickly adjusted upon your back,
"For no real hiker is ever separated, or forgets his lunch to pack."
The trail is eagerly followed in silence, now complete—
For to capture a fallow deer, means to many a treat.
No one thinks of scratches, or tired feet, nor lame—
As they scramble over boulders ne'er do they complain.
But bravely help the others, with just a nod, or smile,
For an unsolicited kindness is ever worth your while.

Now we are back to our homes, in cities, and in town,
Leaving luxuriant, variegated foliage, and grasses of brown.
The graveled-bed creek, with gray boulders piled high,
And the labyrinth of woodland, with strips of azure sky.
The cool, clear springs, babbling low 'midst tangled vine,
And the tinkle of cows' bells, as down the dusty road they twine.
Now our days of idle play are a vision of the past,
But memories of those days gone by will linger with us, till the last.
When in future years, as by the fireside you fondly dream
Of those long ago, and happy days, may they like a vision gleam
Before your dimmed and tired eyes, to cheer you on your way—
For pleasures are never quite the same, no matter what you say.

God's Wonders

There are some heights man must not climb.
The jagged, rocky peaks, mystic and sublime,
For they are God's; yes, His alone—
No human feet must tread upon that sacred dome.

He speaks to us from His lofty tower,
Saying, I am King of heaven and earth; all are in my power.
Ye men who dwell upon the lowly earth,
Let your souls expand, and receive the newer birth.

All things are old, yet ever are they new;
While His wondrous handiwork we may ever view.
The trees, and rocky cliffs, and the rushing waterfall,
I, thy God, created them; yea, I created all.

The wonders of the forest, the wonders of the deep,
The lowly, grazing valley, the snow-capped mountain peak,
We gaze with silent awe upon them, dumb with fear and doubt and pain,
Till a voice again we hear, I, thy God, forever reign.

The Invasion of the Ants

A silent army, ten hundred thousand strong,
Entered a sleeping town in the early dawn.
Marching in battalions, regiments and squads,
Each black-robed warrior energetically plods.
Invading every household, defying well locked doors,
Seeking the family larder, to carry off its stores.

They plunder, and pillage, every corner and nook,
Those bold highwaymen, who systematically look
Till, finding the sugar, and jelly and jam,
They carry it off, just as fast as they can.
To a store house, built in some secret place,
Tho man may follow, it is hard to trace.

This procession of mutes goes silently by
With never a murmur, and never a sigh.
All day they struggle with heavy loads,
Tugging and pulling over dangerous roads.
Many ill gotten spoils they store away,
Nature has planned it, and they must obey.

Discouragement

When you're heart sick and weary, and filled with blank despair,
And the world seems dark and dreary, and you're burdened with care,
If a mantle of gloom entwines you in its sly encircling fold,
Robbing you of mirth and gladness, leaving you desolate and cold,
O, then awake, be not o'ercome with fear and doubt,
But unloose the binding fetters, and boldly look about.
For this world is a garden, wherein we dwell,
So cast off the yoke of a demon's dark spell,
And look you to the right.

O, weary soul, why grieve you so, when all the world is fair?
For life is as you make it, so do not borrow care.
Why let the heart grow bitter, why let the heart grow sad?
Somewhere the sun is shining, so be happy and be glad.
Go, breathe the wholesome country air, that ever brings delight,
And in life's righteous battles, fight on with all your might.
Then old melancholy, that tormenting bitter foe,
Will slink away, wheresoe'er you go.
But look you to the right.

Close not the portals of your heart, but open them both wide and clear.
Let the golden sunshine have a part in driving out old gloom and fear.
Then laugh with all your might and main, you'll find it a tonic for needless pain.

Walk in your garden 'midst fragrance of flowers, viewing its blossoms fair.
In God's created atmosphere you'll find peace of mind while there,
For each rose breathes a message of some sweet long ago,
When love's gentle whisperings were soft, sweet and low.
So look you to the right.

Meanwhile, each day of life, your courage will be tried.
While some few pleasures may be denied;
But what care you, if thru the drifting fleecy clouds,
A vision of joy and peace and happiness abounds?
'Tis thru your strength, and will alone,
That dismal thoughts will melt and roll away the stone.
While a clearer, broader insight you'll attain,
In viewing people with a kinder, slacker rein.
If turbulent misgivings assail thy beating heart,
Look to thy Creator, and ne'er from Him, depart.
And look you to the right.

Then, friend of mine, dwell not on shadows of the past,
Lo, canst thou not see, 'twere not meant to last?
But grasp each golden sunbeam as they go dancing by.
Soon will you cease to grieve, and mourn and cry.
Ah, then forget your cherished, petty sorrow,
And dream only of the promised morrow.
Close the gate to Mount Suspicion, lock the door to Castle Doubt,
Bury old Dame Misery, and open the casement of your heart,
And the sunshine of love and gladness will enter in—
Never more to part.
But look you to the right.

To Gladys

A fair little girl, with eyes so blue,
Golden ringlets, and dimples too,
Busy hands, and nimble feet,
Tripping gaily down the street.
With the neighbor boys she would play,
Climbing trees, the same as they,
Dropping from a hidden limb,
Astride a rope and bar, she would swing.
Never did she seem to fear,
That little girl, to all so dear.

To grandma's she would go each day,
Hopping, skipping, all the way.
Chasing off the sleeping cat
From the doorstep or the mat.
Not a moment was she still,
But bubbling over with joy and good will.
With mud pies, baking in the sun,
Neatly decorated, everyone
With onions, radishes, or beet
From a garden, down the street.

Dreaming

There stood at an open casement, gazing silently into the night,
At the silvery gray of the heavens, ablaze with stars' brilliant light,
A solitary, white-clad figure, breathing a prayer on high,
While eyes wander over chimney and house tops, under a moonlit sky.
Then, gathering her robe closely round her, resting tired hands on the sill,
The mystical night seems to beckon her, all is so silent and still.
Then, like mischievous goblins, they flutter, and dance, and gleam,
Leaving her entranced, as in a sweet and pleasant dream.
Transfixed she stands, like an image of marble, under the hush of night,
Mingling once more with friends long vanished from sight.

O, long does she linger, with visions of rapture sublime,
Dreaming on, and ever on, heeding not the hour, nor the time,
Till, with midnight's distant chimes, she awakens with a start,
But soon, memory again, enters in her throbbing, feverish heart.
And journeying backward o'er the years, some alas, so idly passed,
The childhood's merry, playful days, that were not meant to last.

Then the old brick school house, where girls were daily taught
By learned and serious instructors, who so industriously fraught
To instill within their minds a knowledge profound and wise,
With this maxim framed before them—for a foolish mind, there is no disguise.

Then, lo, at the close of a busy, tranquil day,
She sees herself at the rudder, while sailing o'er the bay
In the yacht "Lady Alice," anchored always in sight,
Where she cruised at will, to her heart's delight.
To a towering old lighthouse, was her favorite run,
When to cry, Ship Ahoy, the jolly old keeper would come,
And anchor the trim little craft to a rung in the wall,
Sheltering her safely from a sudden squall.
Then laboriously they'd climb the rock-hewn cliff,
Startling screaming sea-gulls from their island rift.

Here they paused but a moment to get their breath,
E'er they seek the good wife, at a cosy kitchen hearth,
Where bright copper kettles, in a long, straight row,
Were hung 'gainst the wall, each one just so.
And a cheery drift-wood fire, so fragrant and so bright,
With quaint old benches, standing temptingly in sight.
While to make your visit more social and complete,
A bowl of Scotch broth you must ne'er refuse to eat.
When the cuckoo-clock would strike the welcome signal hour,
Eagerly they'd climb the winding stairway, reaching to the tower.

Then, solemnly they light the lamp, of burnished brass and steel,
Revolving slowly thru the long, long night like a paddle-wheel.
When, like criminals, the cool damp mists come creeping in so sly,
And familiar landmarks disappear, and veiled was the clear, blue sky,
'Tis then the fog-horn's deep, sonorous voice you so distinctly hear,
Shouting warning to vessels, from rocks so dangerously near.
And the dismal, constant tolling—tolling—tolling—of the bell,
Sounding so doleful, like the sad, sad wail of a funeral knell.
Then, hastening down the steps of the surf-washed bluff,
Faithful old Uncle Billy would see them safely off.

With canvas spread they speed away, over the bounding blue,
Shouting and waving of hands, in a last friendly adieu.
Eyes a-dancing, and cheeks a-glow with the salty spray,
Hair tossed about, in a wild, disheveled, reckless way.
The fair "Lady Alice" gracefully dipped, tossed and turned,
Her jib-boom held taut, and her sails unfurled,
She would ride with the billows at lightning speed,
With her masts a-creaking with the wind's jealous greed.
The crew joyously singing some sweet, glad refrain,
Under heaven's protecting guidance, on the bay's wide domain.

O, beautiful, serene, and peaceful, silent night,
All this she sees, under the full moon's climbing height.
'Ere she can close the doors of yesterday, locking them within,
Another vision looms in sight, changing, fading, growing dim,
While out of the shadows of the departing night,
The slumbering world rolls into the dawning light.
Then, with a sigh, she turns away and bows her weary head,
While those adventurous, thrilling days she buries with the dead.
Then, with determined assurance, she goes on her way,
And so ends a dream, toward the dawn of day.

"An Ode"
To the Dahlias

O, beautiful Dahlias, stately and fair,
With long, graceful stems, and colors so rare,
Fluted and twisted, single and double,
Unfolding petals like a bursting bubble,
Exquisitely tipped, and so richly blended,
Tenderly nourished, and carefully tended.
While thru the rich damp soil you slyly peep,
Proudly reaching upward, you silently creep,
Till, with unique shades, so vivid and clear,
Boldly you stand forth, the garden's peer.

The Bachelor's Farewell

Good-bye, boys;
I'm going to be married tomorrow,
Good-bye, boys;
I'm leaving with regrets and sorrow,
Good-bye, boys;
No more staying out till broad daylight,
It's all off with Broadway and the limelight,
So, good-bye, boys;
I'm going to a new and better life,
I'm going to settle down, with a dear little wife,
So, good-bye, boys; good-bye.

Sister Sue

Say, my sister Sue has got a beau;
Where she got him I'd like to know.
He don't look much to me, I'll say,
Tho sister thinks he's mighty gay.

He passes from work most every night,
En seems like sister's always in sight;
Then he comes in, I don't know why,
En Ma asks him to try a piece of home-made pie.

Gee, I wish't they'd ast me that once'd en a while,
Bet yer life, it would make me smile;
Pa, he says that guy's got a snap,
En then he sort o' pats Sue on the back.

I don't think it's 'zactly right, his stoppen in every night,
En sister, she al'us tries to keep me out o' sight,
Like as if she's 'fraid I wouldn't answer up right.
Ma, she cooks, makin' dumplins, en cake, en pie,
En then Pa puts on his very new'st tie.

Sue, she dresses up, en watches to see if he'll come,
Pa, he just chuckles, like he's have'n heaps o' fun;
I have to brush my hair, so smooth en slick,
Else Sue threatens me with Pa's walk'n stick.

She looks at my hands, then at my ears,
Till my eyes just naturally fill with tears,
Then Ma puts out all the company dishes,
What's covered with flowers, en lakes, en fishes.

Then Ma says fer us all to come to the table,
En I just eats en eats most all I'm able.
Then Sue tells him she baked that cake,
Oh, gee! Ain't girls a fake?

I most cried out, "Oh, what a lie!"
But Sue gave me a look from out o' her eye;
I guess he must want Sue for his wife,
Well, he won't get much, you bet your life.

Why, she can't do nothin', en she's the big'st fraid-cat,
Y' just better think I'll tell him that,
One night I put a mouse in her bed,
En she screamed en hollered, en the mouse was dead,
'Cause I took it away from our old tabby-cat;
But o'course, Sue didn't know nothin' 'bout that.

I stands round thinkin' maybe he'll give me a dime,
But, gosh, you'd think I'd done some crime
The way Sue hustles me off to bed,
En then, on the sly, she punches my head.

When I gets a girl, she's goin' to be just like Ma,
'Cause she's the best girl I ever saw;
She ain't always a shoutin', "Wash your face, an' brush
your hair,
And don't tramp dirt all over the stair."

The Intruder

A wee little mousey, so slick and so sly,
Entered the kitchen, when no one was nigh;
He prowled thru the cupboard, sniffing the spice,
On a still hunt for something sweet and nice;
He leaped in the flour, came out white as snow,
When cook opened the bin to mix pie-dough.

She dropped it in haste, screaming with fright,
While mousey scampered away, out of sight;
The family trooped in, one by one,
With sticks and broom, but mousey was gone
Under the sink, where he laughed in glee
Saying, "Ah ha, bad man, you can't catch me."

So they brought in the house-cat, slick and fat,
Who had never seen either a mouse or a rat;
But was fed on Hamburger and milk, twice a day,
And never permitted with common cats to play.
He had a screened-in mansion, quite his own,
Out in the garden, and never did he roam.

Quickly his eyes became glassy and bright,
His ears went up, while his tail was a fright;
He stalked round like a gladiator of old,
Sensing an enemy's presence within the fold.
While mousey began to feel shaky and queer,
And to wish that big cat was not quite so near.

So he crept just as softly as ever he could
Into a box filled with fine kindling wood;
But Mr. Cat heard him, and the battle was on.
He sprang to that fortress, with a queer battle-song,
Clawed 'neath that kindling, and made it to fly,
Nabbing poor mousey in the twinkling of an eye.

While he tossed it up, and he tossed it down,
Playing with mousey, so slick and brown;
Till his mistress stooped and took mousey away,
And he searched thru the wood-box for many a day;
While mousey was buried in the garbage-can deep,
That cat was inconsolable, and ready to weep.

Still he dreams of that skirmish, his first great event,
How he drove back the enemy, his escape to prevent;
Then captured him boldly, that all may behold—
How he slapped and cuffed him, for plunders untold.
Till he dropped exhausted, and gave up the ghost,
While this pedigreed cat doth dream and boast.

Hasty Hetty

Hetty is hasty, impulsive and gay,
Taking life in a contented, happy way;
Unselfish, lively, witty and wise
Is Hetty, with the big, round eyes.
A keen sense of humor, a bewitching elf,
Who laughs so merry, you laugh yourself.
Fair of face, with golden locks
Is Hetty, in her natty frocks.
O, Hetty is a regular girl, a regular girl is she,
Who drives a Studebaker and a little Dod-ge.
To salute the traffic man with a bewitching smile,
Hetty is an adept, for each she will beguile.
For with those eyes so big and blue,
And a look so innocent and true,
Pray, what could a poor traffic man do?
But, now, with her mate, she's gone far away,
And I miss her joyous chatter every day.
When at the door she bade me good-bye,
There were tears in her pretty blue eye.
Ah, Hetty, little friend, don't cry,
For we will meet again, bye and bye.

Everybody Knows Me

I am in every household thruout the land,
Soothing the tired and hard-working band,
I rest them in body, and lessen the strain,
Giving new life to the over-wrought brain;
I am first in the morning, and last at night,
Singing and bubbling, with all my might;
If any one calls for a moment or so,
I am put to work again as fast as I'll go.
Never, it seems, have I a moment to spare,
Tho I sputter and sputter, all that I dare.
In some homes I shine like silver plate,
And in others I am battered, and grimy with dirt.
Some people care for me, like I was a queen,
While in some places I'm ashamed to be seen.
I merrily sing, for all stations in life,
Be they rich or poor, I aim not for strife.
I am made up of several kinds of metal,
And am known round the world as the old tea-kettle.

The Pet Canary

A little song bird, in a bamboo cage,
With a bright yellow coat, like a royal page,
Hangs in a window, so cheery and bright,
Hopping about, till late at night.
Then put to bed, like a sleepy child,
'Neath a soft little blanket, the cage is piled.

He awakes in the morning, at the break of day,
Then cheeps so softly, as if to say:
Arise, good people, for the night has passed,
And dawn is approaching, the day is cast.
O, why do you slumber, why do you sleep?
Be up and doing, 'tis a wondrous treat.

Then he sings so loudly, and sings so long,
He rouses the household with praise of song.
And soon each one is busy, as busy can be,
While he is fluttering about so anxiously
For a nice fresh drink of water so clear,
And morning bath, with its joy and cheer.

A warbling, chattering family, nesting 'neath the eaves,
Bring the children for a lesson, on the branches of the trees.
With mother bird a flitting from budding, leafy branch,
Coaxing, scolding and urging, as they timidly advance.
Soon they must be leaving the warm and downy nest,
So mother bird is anxious her birdlings' power to test.

O, how the children chatter, as they hop and skip about,
While mother bird advises, with a chirping shout.
Soon they tire of mother's teaching, as they boldly fly away,
Leaving mother bird tired and lonely and not a word to say.
For well she knows her nestlings must leave her tender care,
And seek the wild, free woodland, where birds are wont to dare.

Now the lonely mother bird, on a swaying rose branch swings,
While her mate sits idly by her side and softly, sweetly sings.
Then off they flit together, those neighbor birds of mine,
While the one is left alone in the little cage sublime.
He hops and skips about, singing the livelong day,
A gladsome, joyous anthem, in his contented way.

Old Jim

I'm an old white horse, and they call me Jim;
I am scrubbed and curried, and kept so trim,
Then unto a chaise am I harnessed each day,
And driven by my mistress, out the highway,
Into the country of broad meadow-lands,
Where ripening, golden grain, waving stands.
And wild flowers long the roadside peep,
While bees are buzzing, the sweets to seek.

They call my master Tom, and my mistress, he calls Kate,
And we three jog along at a contented, happy gait;
Everybody knows us, and call us each by name,
And I just nod my head and try to do the same.
When school is over the children shout, and long
As I draw up before them, with spring wagon strong,
To take the rein and guide me, for I am each one's friend,
As they crowd in, a dozen strong, with helping hands to lend.

Then proudly I prance down the village street,
Drawing my charges, my greatest joy and treat.
Soon to tarry in flowery fields and grasses tall,
Where garlands of fragrant blossoms, woven by all,
Were placed with eager hands about my head and flank,
For to my playmates, old Jim was a horse of rank.
Then homeward we come at the close of day,
Childish voices whistling, or singing all the way.

Children at Play

One day two fair little maids were playing house,
One was dressed in a feathery hat, and mother's old skirt and blouse,
A discarded hand-bag, gloves, and a parasol,
With her doll in its carriage, went out to call.

The other was robed in a long auto veil,
And tied round her waist was an apron to trail.
She was a busy housewife, with duster and broom,
Sweeping the dirt from a make-believe room.

Her dolls were in bed, with a fever and chill,
And cook had advised that she give them a pill;
So she dosed them with sugar, and dosed them with salt,
Wrapped them in flannels, till just their eyes peeped out.

Then came a rap at the make-believe door,
And the tiny mothers gossiped, as mothers of yore,
While at the table they sat, with a cup of make-believe tea,
With cookies, and pie, and fruit from the tree.

Then an ocean voyage they decided to take;
Thinking it best, for the children's sake;
So, perching upon a wood-pile high,
A make-believe vessel went sailing by.

They sailed and sailed, and fumed and fussed,
For the journey was long, and the children cross;
At last they arrived at their destination,
With make-believe friends meeting them at the station.

Now, small boys were playing in a yard near by,
With a shout, and a bang, and a battle-cry,
They rushed at each other, like warriors of old,
With clubs for musket, and clubs for sword.

One was the Captain, who shouted and yelled,
And urged them to battle, while the enemy be held;
One was a bugler, who sounded retreat,
When the enemy was crowding, and they saw defeat.

Soon, one little private was shot to die,
But he raised himself up, and began to cry;
"You are a German, and I've shot off your head,"
Cried out the Captain, "Lay still, when you're dead."

But the poor little private, with tears in his eye,
Cried all the harder, saying, "I don't want to die;
I don't want to be a German, I'm mad at you."
And the battle ended in confusion, as such battles do.

The Merry Hiker

Under the heat and glare of the noonday sun,
Trooping o'er the dusty highway, or filing one by one,
All gray and grimy, with streaks of dust and dirt,
Comes the khaki-clad hiker, active and alert.
Blankets over his shoulder, rolled up so neat,
Knapsacks bulging, with a dreamed-of treat,
Coffee pot and fry pan, with a rattle and clang,
Keep up a merry jingle, for the hiking, happy man.

Then a cheery fire, 'neath a smoky, boiling pot,
With aromatic odor of coffee sizzling hot.
Then beans and bacon, potatoes, bread and jam,
Served in paper dishes, but often, from the can.
Then, a soothing smoke, while washing dishes in the stream,
Drying them on leaves or grasses, in a way you'd never dream.
When, rolling up in blankets, sink calmly off to sleep,
While the great sun disappears over the mountain peak.

Soon the holiday is ended, then cityward he hikes,
To lay aside his khaki and well-worn spikes.
Dreaming of peaceful sleep under the broad, bejeweled sky,
Foliage of lace work, 'midst tree tops, as breezes gently sigh.
When to awaken in the morning, at the break of dawn,
With fluttering of swift wings, and birds' glad song.
Then, to hear the gentle murmur of rushing waterfall,
And smell the keen, pungent tang of fir trees tall.

The Well-Meaning Neighbor

A well-meaning woman, living over the way,
Keeps watch o'er her neighbors by night and by day.
While she guards each house with an angel's care,
Nothing escapes her on the main thoroughfare.
Should you try to slip in, or try to slip out,
She will throw open her window, and frantically shout—
"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, where do you think you're going?"

She rocks by her window, morning, noon and night,
And knows every one in the town by sight.
If you start out north, south, east or west,
You can't escape her, though you tried your best.
And before you can wink an eye, or face about,
A voice from somewhere will suddenly shout—
"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, where do you think you're going?"

If, rambling thru the garden, in the sweet-scented air,
Enjoying the fragrance of blossoms everywhere,
And you chat with someone, as people ofttimes do,
Out she will come, gently shaking a dust cloth in view,
Though never a wee bit of dust could you see.
While she shakes and listens, ere calling to thee—
"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, what do you think you're doing?"

Lo, when an automobile drives up to your door,
And a friend alights, one, and ofttimes more,
Those penetrating eyes never miss a trick,
No matter if the sun be shining or the clouds be thick.
When to your friends you have bade a cordial adieu,
You know that tiresome old song, she will quickly pursue—
"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, what do you think you're doing?"

When tradesmen or postman turn in at your gate,
She is still on the job, though the hour be late.
And Saint Peter himself could not show greater care
Than this well-meaning woman, who lives over there,
And is watchfully waiting, as the neighbors go by,
To throw open her window, and loudly cry—
"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, where do you think you're going?"

She calls everyone by their Christian name,
And should you look startled, next time do the same.
She cares not a fig for your frown or your glare,
While she rattles on of things you don't care,
Of somebody's grandmother, or someone's great aunt,
Who died years ago, in fancy, you hear them chant—
"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, where do you think we're going?"

Then the suffering of a woman, or the death of a man,
With a long history of each, oft covering a span.
While some died of a fever, and some of a cold,
Some were so young, and some frightfully old.
Till you often wonder if there be any one left
In that beautiful village, so sadly bereft.
And you feel like singing, as she rattles on—
"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, 'tis no wonder they're gone."

You're worn to a frazzle, and your nerves are a wreck,
From this solicitous neighbor, who is always on deck.
Her curiosity, you say, is driving you to doom,
While you feel you could fly as high as the moon.
Then you see yourself gazing at the starry sky,
Gesticulating, or hoarsely shouting, to the passers-by—
"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, where do you think you're going?"

If she comes to your door, and you don't answer the ring,
She comes round to the back, and walks right in.
You just simply can't stop her, do what you may,
For she's bound to get in, and have her say.
She drives you distracted, with her well-meaning chatter,
While you smile, and smile, though you're mad as a hatter.
Then, silently sigh—"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, whatever's the matter?"

Then, when she sees the smoke from your chimney-top,
Like the wind, over she comes, with a skip and a hop,
Saying, "Hello, please may I use your telephone?"
Then, round the rooms, how those eyes would roam,
While she never, no, never, had but a moment to stay;
But down she would sit, and nearly spend the day.
A voice within you softly whispers—"Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, be on your way."

Behold, both truth and fiction are here interlaced
In this tale, a venturous hand has singularly traced
This picture, that fascinates, and leads me strangely on,
With inspiration's mysterious voice, urging me along.
If any there be who habitually sit with face 'gainst the window pane,
Then from these rambling lines may they some knowledge gain.

In a Gallery of Art

In an ancient hallway, generous and square,
An old clock ticking slowly on the stair,
A drowsy fire slumbering 'neath a chimney wide,
Old andirons, with bellows and tongs by the side,
Then an oaken arm-chair, with carvings deep,
With a great bear-skin beneath its feet;
Muskets and swords, and powder horns stained,
With ages of time, all rusty and maimed.

Then a tapestried room, of mulberry hue,
Hangings intermingled with violet blue,
High backed chairs, and settles deep and wide,
Where friends rest comfortably side by side,
And discuss the pictures on the wall,
Of trees and rocks, and rushing waterfall.
Sunsets and clouds, and rugged mountain peak,
Or a picturesque valley, with brook or creek.

Here, hangs a picture of marvelous size,
With a miniature city, with towers that rise
From a castle that looms from a precipice high,
Like a wonderful mansion, built in the sky.
Then in the foreground, brilliant and bold,
Is a rider, with his sceptre of old;
A young child Prince, on a prancing steed,
With trappings of splendor and glittering bead.

Then a Princess' portrait, with powdered hair;
Bedecked in jewels so precious and rare,
A girdle of emeralds, and a peacock fan,
While round the neck a rope of pearls ran.
A stand-up ruff, of wondrous web-like lace,
And above it all, was the child-like face
Of a maiden in stiff brocade, of sovereign right,
Whose dominion is ruled by a kingly might.

Then, some mother's boy, in the still of the night,
Is slipping away, before it is light,
Seeking his fortune, as many boys do,
Out in the world, from home folks true;
He lingers a moment, with a look of distress,
He longs for new scenes, and hopes for the best;
Ah, laddie, my boy, turn back to the farm,
The city can do you a lifetime of harm.

Then, with battles on land, and battles on sea,
Where brave boys fought for you and for me,
And the stars and stripes were carried high,
Tho the smoke of battle had darkened the sky,
With booming of guns, and the cannons' roar,
While the echo sounds from shore to shore,
Hulls battered and pierced from the enemy's blast,
But she enters the harbor, and is safe at last.

Here comes an emperor, with armor and lance,
Astride a black charger, all ready to advance
Toward a make-believe foe; for with rein held tight,
He seems all primed for a brilliant fight.
With helmet of steel, and of gauntlets too,
In fancy he will pierce his enemy through.
So charge, bold warrior, why linger and wait?
Go forth bravely, and meet your fate.

Here, is a mosaic pedestal of early Venetian time,
There, a cabinet of teak, of quaint Chinese design;
Statues of marble, chisled from quarries vast,
Busts wrought in bronze, that in memory may last
Of poet, and saint, and patriots brave,
Long wrapped in slumber, in tomb or the grave.
With a glorious record, in history's page,
Of deeds of valor they each did engage.

O, master's pride, with regret I pass thee by,
With a hurried glance, but with longing eye,
It will leave both a memory sad and sweet,
Of a well spent day, pleasant and complete;
Viewing the masters, both modern and old,
In a treasure house more precious than gold.
While the sun sinks in a fiery glow,
'Neath the ocean's border, like a ship in tow.

From these silent pictures on the wall,
Who greet the many, great and small,
And give to them such pleasures rare,
Like perfumed zephyrs thru the air,
With penetrating hearts touched deep,
May each be filled with memories sweet,
And the years that come, and years that go,
Lead others onward with inspiration's glow.

The Passing of An Old Ferry Boat

The staunch old ferry-boat, San Jose,
Had lay at her moorings for many a day.
She felt so content and secure in her berth,
While she rocked with the billows and sang with mirth.

She was gaily dressed in a bright new gown,
Deep orange, with trimmings of darkest brown,
With rustling palms, in their vases deep,
She had just awakened from a good night's sleep.

When suddenly she began to tremble with fear,
For the hissing of flames seemed very near.
Could it be possible that she was doomed,
When all decked out, and so nicely groomed?

What had she done to deserve such a fate?
She had worked for years, both early and late.
She had weathered the breakers, the wind and storm,
Carrying passengers safely without the least harm.

Her captain and crew had been kind to her,
While to her name they loved to refer.
She plowed her way thru the briny foam,
Bringing her commuters safely home.

Now, as the flames leaped round her frame,
How she did struggle, and moan with pain!
Our sailors rowed over in haste from the isle,
Working with vigor all the while.

They hauled her out on the mud-flats high,
Leaving her there to struggle and die.
The fire-tugs fought with desperate will,
Hoping soon, the flames to quell.

The hour had come, and she must die,
So helpless she seemed to those standing by.
She burned, and burned, till just a shell,
Then toppled over, in the ocean's swell.

For weeks she had lain, so crippled and sad,
The sea-gulls hovering o'er her, screeching like mad.
They knew their old friend was in distress,
So they fluttered round with eager caress.

At last she was beached and hauled away,
With a blackened hull, up to the quay.
A pile of old rubbish, rusty and bent,
Was sold as junk, and off she was sent.

May builder, and master, and captain, and crew,
Each drop a tear in memory of you.
After traveling thru treacherous currents and fog-banks deep,
This faithful old vessel has gone to sleep.

A Rainy Day

Dark and gloomy is the day,
While alone I sit and dream away
The idle hours with restless hands,
While clouds roll by in fleecy bands,
And rain beats down in silvery sprays—
As o'er the landscape creeps a veil-like haze.

Like fringe of pearls on a bridal gown,
The rain comes softly pattering down,
Till the earth is washed like a garment clean,
And the budding trees with foliage beam
Forth with their tiny shoots of life,
That the sun may nourish, with easy rife.

No matter how gloomy may be the day,
Soon the storm clouds will pass away,
And the sun's beaming rays shine through
The drifting banks of cerulean blue;
While all the world seems bright and fair,
And joy abounds everywhere.

The Old Home Place

I love to think of the old homestead,
With its hedges of roses and flower-bed,
The trees, and vines, and lawns so green,
This is the place of which I dream.

This picture is ever within my heart;
Gold would not tempt me to from it part.
A tapestry woven within my brain,
Of the old home place, where mother did reign.

A snow-white house, with low picket fence,
Winding stone-walks, leading you hence,
Flowers of every variety and every hue,
Standard roses and the modest violet, blue.

Long strands of smilax, strung exquisitely neat,
For weddings and funerals, or for some special fete;
Then the old rain-barrel, under the drain,
Was filled to the brim with soft winter rain.

Then the circle bed, by the kitchen door,
With blossoms and bulbs, hundreds or more,
Great bushes of lavender, with bees sipping its sweet,
Then mint, parsley and thyme, for flavoring meat.

Then the berry-patch and fruit trees,
With plums, and pears, cherries, and apricots, too;
Lemon, and nectarine, and figs as well,
A wonderful place our stories to tell.

Then the tall bamboo, and the morning-glory vine,
Where the hens hid away, or provokingly climb;
The duck-trough, with ducklings so fuzzy and spry,
Splash thru the water, a frantic hen flitting by.

And the old family cat, can I ever forget,
Polly-wog and Frisky, each a household pet;
Then the familiar faces of loved ones now gone,
While I hear my brothers whistling some late song.

I see the English holly, with berries so red,
The monkey-puzzle tree, that birds so dread,
The iron urns, leading to the entrance white,
With miniature palms, and lobelia bright.

I hear the knocker, on the glass-paneled door,
And some one hastening to explore;
I hear them being greeted, in true Southern way,
And I know someone has come a visit to pay.

Now I see grandpa, an old forty-niner, so gay,
Who told wonderful stories of the early day.
I see him walking round the garden with his gold-headed cane,
Big and handsome, and stalwart, fearing neither sun nor rain.

Then the arm-chairs, where each one sat
Round the hearth, with books or papers, or a pleasant chat.
Mother, with her fancy work, busy as can be,
Grandpa and Daddy, this is a portrait, of my beloved three.

The Big Round Moon

O, big round moon, say, what dost thou see,
Circling above us, so majestic and free,
Over mountainous crags, and oceans wide,
Fields of battle, where brave ones have died?
Then low grazing valleys, and forests deep,
Where the wild things of nature slyly creep.

O, big round moon, what think'st thou,
With your solemn face, and cold white brow,
Journeying onward, around, and around,
Forever watching, but giving no sound;
Lighting a pathway from heaven to earth,
Onward, ever onward, since thy birth?

O, big round moon, what dost thou know,
Viewing for centuries earth's wonders below?
Could you but speak, ah, what would you say?
Silently we whisper to you, tho you're far away,
How we long to know, and touch thy shining face,
Oh, moon eternal, forever plowing thru space.

Good night, big moon; good night, old friend,
Soon must I slumber, so a kiss will I send
Forth from my window, ere turning away.
While you watch thru the night, till another day,
So good night, big moon; good night, I say,
May the kiss reach you thru the milky way.

My Grandmother's Quilt

Patches of white, and patches of blue,
Is my grandmother's quilt;
All joined together, so even and trile,
Is my grandmother's quilt;
Squares and diamonds stitched by hand,
From the home of her birth, in Dixie land,
Is my grandmother's quilt.

Scraps from old Aunt Harriet's store,
In my grandmother's quilt;
Aunt Mary, and Martha, each adding more,
For my grandmother's quilt;
Then Aunt Eliza, and old Mammy Lou,
Bringing from scrap bags a love gift too,
For my grandmother's quilt.

Young was she, in ye olden time,
Was my grandmother!
In the minuet she was sublime,
So fair and dainty, with golden hair;
No other one could quite compare,
Such charming grace and stately air,
Was my grandmother.

Long years have passed since my grandmother's thimble
Fashioned those squares with fingers nimble.
And while I thoughtfully view her handiwork,
In dreaming, dusky faces round me lurk;
For in their missy's quilt, each had a part,
And served her with a loving heart,
My grandmother.

Tho onward the years are creeping,
'Neath a mossy tomb, is she sleeping,
With hands folded tenderly on her breast;
Long has she been peacefully at rest;
The mocking bird still warbles from the tree
A gladsome anthem, all I know for thee,
My grandmother.

But to me was left this token,
While the words to me oft spoken
Seem but a far off misty maze,
While I upon this quilt am led to gaze.
It may then have been the fashion,
This piecing, patching passion,
For my grandmother.

Home

There stands a low shingled cottage, weathered and brown,
With its broad roof sloping down.
A porch inclosed with windows deep,
Where ferns and trailing vines do creep.
Eaves deep and sheltered, where birds love to dwell,
Building their nests so carefully and well.
Raising large families that brighten and cheer,
As they flit thru the air, or hover near.

Then a hedge of geraniums, brilliant and red,
With a separate spot, known as mother's bed.
An avenue of roses leading up to the door,
Of this weather-stained cottage, with an attic to explore.
With low ceilinged chambers where you peacefully dream,
Tho the rain beat down, and the wind doth scream,
You are safely sheltered from storm and blast,
From the thunder's roar and the lightning's flash.

'Tis but an humble dwelling; from its gleaming light,
Are shadows flickering from a hearth-stone bright.
While pleasant books, like old familiar faces,
Greet you from out among silent places.
When you long to gather them to your breast,
Crooning a soft benediction, as upon the shelves they rest.
For friends they have been, thru all the past,
And friends they will be, while life shall last.

'Tis not always a mansion, where joy is found,
But in the humblest dwellings love will abound.
Where friends drop in and merrily sing,
And hearts are glad, and voices ring;
When the children come home, and all is gay,
For children will marry; that is God's way.
But this little brown house, nestling so low,
Is loved by many, as they come and go.

Discarded

Two little shoes, tossed carelessly aside,
Down in a closet, deep, dark and wide;
Soles worn thru, and a hole in the toe,
Each little shoe was filled with woe.

One lay shivering behind a trunk
Filled with toys and useless junk;
The other lay in a corner, quite alone,
With never a murmur, never a moan.

These little shoes were twins, you see,
Where one would go, the other would be.
Never once had they traveled apart,
But pals they had been from the start.

Soon, one little shoe, with a weary sigh,
Cried softly, "Oh, pal, are you standing by?
When we are shabby, they cast us away,
Into this dark and endless day."

Said the other little comrade, "'Twas ever thus,
For over the new, people will make a fuss.
We may be forgotten, we may be alone,
But be thankful for blessings, and never bemoan."

The Night Prowler

A Tom-cat sat on a back fence high,
Calling his mates with a mournful cry,
With voice pitched high, then quite low,
Till gathered round was a howling row
Of cats of various sizes and colors,
Joining that chorus, with his noisy brothers.

A pet cat sprang from his basket deep,
And rushed to the window, from which to peep;
Then scratched and clawed at the laundry door,
While doing a marathon round the floor.
But he called in vain, from base to treble,
While his heart was sinking like a pebble.

Then up went windows here and there,
With heads poked out, those cats to scare;
But still they sang on, with desperate will,
Till you felt those cats you'd like to kill.
When a sleepy neighbor threw a shoe, or boot,
And O, my land, how those cats did scoot.

They went romping round over the lawn,
Never missing a note of grand opera song;
Gathering new forces, as onward they went,
On pleasure bold, or on mischief bent.
Mama cats, papa cats, and baby cats, too
Were out for a frolic, so what could one do?

At last the carnival of song was over;
Then all was as peaceful as bees in clover.
While each one sought their beds so warm,
Away from the damp and chilly morn,
Soon to be dreaming of a skirmish, and battle,
But it was only the alarm clock's warning rattle.

A Story of Love

I once heard a story about a man,
Who spent his money for an ivory fan.
Now, the girl was as charming as she was gay,
But she ran off with another, the very next day.

So keep your money till safely wed,
'Tis safer by far, I've oft heard said.
Let wisdom play a part in your life,
When asking a sweetheart to become your wife.

Be sure your name is bright and clean,
Otherwise she may not become your queen.
Be truthful, and honest, sincere and kind,
And life's greatest joys, you will ever find.

True love comes not without respect,
Life is much sweeter, with no regret.
So be not in haste to choose your mate,
Better go slow and avoid that Too-late.

The City of the Dead

I stood on the slope of a mountain steep,
And gazed o'er a valley where many sleep.
So quiet it seemed, I could almost hear
The sigh of the dead from tree-tops near.

A wonderful scene of color bright,
Opal shades midst noon-day light,
Graveled streets winding in and out,
But no sound of laughter, no boyish shout.

Pillars of marble, pillars of stone,
Shafts of granite, with tall white dome,
Tombs of grandeur, so smooth and cold,
With silent forms lying within their fold.

Grassy mounds with names engraved
On copings of stone, each grave is paved,
While a silent procession marches by,
And zephyrs sing softly a lullaby.

The meadow lark sings a soft refrain,
That sad hearts may be eased of pain.
Then, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
Left in the city of the dead, and the God we trust.

Such Is Life

You get up in the morning, at the crack of dawn,
Hasten and dress, then water the lawn;
You water the front yard, and you water the back,
Then wash off the walk of your muddy tracks;
Rush in the house, where there's plenty to do,
Spread the table, heat the coffee, and kettle too;
Make the toast, and broil the ham,
Prepare the fruit, and open some jam.
Then you put on a neat and lacy cap,
A beribboned apron that matches that.
Turn down your sleeves, and powder your nose,
While husband is taking a shave and getting in his clothes;
Then you smile so sweetly when he comes out,
Kiss him with never a sign of a pout;
While he sits down with a word or so,
Opens the paper, and it's all off you know;
For he buries his nose in the morning news,
And the baseball page he eagerly views;
While the breakfast gets cold, and you almost cry,
And you say to yourself, now why should I try?
Then he looks at his watch, and leaps to his feet,
Gulps down his coffee, grabs his hat, and makes for the street;
Gives you a squeeze, and a kiss, while on the run;
Such is life, and we call it fun.

Christmas Is Coming

Christmas is coming; yes, Christmas is near,
Voices are humming, and singing of cheer;
The shops are aglitter, ablaze and alight,
People are planning, with all their might.
Needles are clicking, weaving the thread,
While children are hurriedly put to bed.
The scrap-bag is hastily sorted out,
And silks and laces are scattered about;
Dollies are dressed and put away,
Looking like fairies, fluffy and gay.
With mysterious packages, stored out of sight,
Santa will come in the still of the night.
And deposit at each little bed a gift,
Hastening away thru the cloud-bank drift,
For sharp little eyes will be peeping out,
To watch for his coming and slipping about,
He must silently enter into every house,
Then slip away as still as a mouse.

Fashion's Follies

I am weary of fashion, dress and display,
Clubs and cards and luncheons each day.
Dancing and dining, and shopping as well,
What are we coming to, can any one tell?
All is excitement wherever you go,
Why, even on Sunday, people go to a show.

They dress for this, and they dress for that,
Each gown calling for a different hat,
Then gloves and shoes, ribbons and laces,
And last of all, they made up their faces
With powder and rouges, lip sticks and all,
To go the rounds of the shops, or make a call.

Now they are all tired out, before they begin,
It seems so absurd, and you know it's a sin.
Still, Dame Fashion has been since Eve's creation,
So the standards established are of long duration.
While each daughter in turn will fuss and prink,
For 'tis a part of our nature, I verily think.

People want to be kind, I'm sure they do,
But you must keep in style, you know that's true.
Why, even in churches and clubs, alas and alack,
You're not known by your brains so much as by the clothes on your back.
Life seems a parade of color, mirth and show,
All one thinks of is to be forever on the go.

So, they go right on, playing the game,
They know they are foolish, and not quite sane.
They care not, they say, what some people think,
While poker they play, then smoke and drink.
Still it's a part of the game, and all must pay,
If you follow the dictates of fashion each day.

Now, people are thoughtless, meaning little they say,
Rushing thru life in a happy, careless way.
Thinking only of self, and pleasure to be found,
For life to many is but a merry-go-round.
They see only the dazzling side so gay,
Giving not a thought of life's better way.

Still, people mean to be kind, I'm sure they do,
But many keep on following an idle few
Who rule the land by some outlandish fashion,
That leads one on, till it becomes a passion,
And is hard to follow, and still harder to break,
For the pace is swift, and life's best it will take.

Yes, people want to be kind, I'm sure they do,
Why, everyone wants to be friendly and true.
But the question of what to wear each day,
Takes all of the pleasure of life away.
Ah, how many days have been idly spent,
As you journey on in such careless content!

Yes, people want to be kind, I'm sure they do,
But plain folks are just as honest and true,
While their hearts are often of gold unalloyed,
Quiet, unassuming, and busily employed.
Thinking naught of Dame Fashion's furbelows,
Leading so often to dangerous undertows.

Yes, people want to be kind, I'm sure they do,
But some look at the clothes, and not at you;
Never seeming to know the depth of the heart,
Nor the cold indifference of looks, that smart.
As onward they go, on their frivolous way,
Seeking amusement by night or by day.

Yes, what are we coming to, can any one tell?
This mad seeking for pleasure, and riches as well.
With a constant commotion, wherever you go,
Till all of life seems but a monstrous show.
Caught in a spider's huge web, of fiber strong,
With a clamoring multitude hastening along.

The Old Pest

There goes Mrs. White, with the new neighbor's hen,
It has been in her garden, scratching again;
She can't plant a seed, she can't have a flower,
But what that old hen don't get in and devour.
She can't leave home on a summer day,
Without that hen gets in, in some mysterious way,
Scratches the lawn, the shrubs and flower-bed,
Till the sweet mignonette is all but dead,
And the violets and pansies, with sad little faces,
Are all tattered and torn, and robbed of their graces.
While their robes of green, of graceful design,
Are trampled and soiled with the earth's damp grime.

Their poor little heads are hanging in shame,
With eyes plucked out, all bruised and lame;
They were always so proud, as they nestled down low,
While everyone stopped to admire them so.
But with faces all scratched, withered and broken,
They have nothing left but memories' sad token.
When life was all joy, and each dewy morn,
They were gathered in neat little bunches and carefully borne
Off to some friend or loved one in town,
To be jauntily worn upon a fair lady's gown.

But at last she has caught it in its bold career,
And clasping it tight in her arms in a hold severe,
She is marching swiftly, with blood in her eye,
To the house of its mistress, on the corner near by.
She holds on to that hen by its neck and its feet,
While it cackles, and flutters and pecks with its beak;
But still she hangs on, determined and grim,
That hen's met her match, it would verily seem.
Now she knocks at the door, in no gentle mood,
Determined that hen in a pot shall be stewed.

But the boss of that hen opens wide the door,
For she had been warned several times before.
She takes in at a glance, what it's all about,
For Mrs. White's eyes were expressive, no doubt.
So, smiling most sweetly, and promising much,
She reached for her hen, in the other's clutch,
Deposited her gently, out in the yard,
Where the mate of the pest was standing guard;
She hopped right off, with a flap of her wings,
And espying a worm, then off she springs,
Catches it in her beak, and gobbles it down,
While Mrs. White leaves with disgust, and a frown,
And so ends the story of an old hen in town.

A Mother's Treasures

Two laughing eyes of azure blue,
Two velvet cheeks of primrose hue,
Two little feet, that go pattering round,
Two chubby hands with dimples bound.
Tears glittering like dew-drops in the morning sun,
When feet are tired, and sleep won't come.

A mother's crooning voice and gentle clasp,
Soothing them to slumber—Heaven's sweetest task;
She has a work to do, a watch to keep.
There is naught for them, but to lie and sleep
Thru the long, long day, and the darkest night,
God keeps His little ones ever in sight.

Suppose all the world was babyless,
Life would be dark and filled with stress;
There would be no laughter, be no song,
All would be dark, and the way be long,
The journey be rough, and the path be steep,
With no young arms to guide aged feet.

Youth and laughter make the world gay,
Sparkling sunbeams lighten the way;
Voices of merriment, voices of song,
Gladden the hearts, and make them strong.
And your baby girl, and your baby boy,
Oh, may they bring to you comfort and joy.

Old Dog Shep

An old shepherd dog has passed away;
Such a wonderful dog was he, they say;
Kind, intelligent, faithful and true,
Till without him, you wonder what to do.
Out in the woodhouse hangs his strap,
With the license of years on it neatly tacked.
Over the coal-bin hangs his sleeping mat,
Likewise his muzzle, how he hated that!
Under the faucet stands his drinking trough,
Where birds come to bathe, or its water to quaff.

A stranger complained of him barking at night,
So he was given away, tho that was not right.
The man tied him up with a good stout rope,
And off they started, while hearts all but broke.
When into the house, children rush with a sigh,
The family seek solitude, and silently cry.
Feeling like criminals, as wildly they say:
Must we sacrifice our comrade, for such heartless play?
She's a beastly old heathen, and a fussy old cat,
Never had she loved a dog, they were sure of that.

Now, everyone missed him, and everyone was sad,
For they loved old Shep, and considered him not bad.
He was a community dog, you might say,
Guarding each house when neighbors were away.
They gave him bones and scraps from the table,
To help fill him up, as one alone was not able.
For dogs are like boys, empty most of the time,
And to let them go hungry is surely a crime.
On the grass plot he lay, with nose on the ground,
While the footfall of friends he knew by the sound.

Then, up he would bounce, with a bark and leap,
Going with them on down the street.
He knew every man who went to the train,
While they stopped to pat him, calling him by name.
When the train pulled out with passengers and crew,
Shep would bark and frisk about, meaning good-bye to you.
He went to the station in all kinds of weather,
And waited for the train, without leash or fetter.
So fierce he looked, with one eye brown, the other white,
Perchance, one for day, the other for night.

Years ago a portion of farm land was sold
For delinquent taxes, so the story's told.
The place was a vast dairy farm,
With farmhouse, sheds and cow barn.
A row of milk pails on a shelf in the sun,
Was most conspicuous when to the place you come.
Everything was prosperous, and all was going fine
Till old John Barleycorn came stalking down the line.
But with his appearance soon there was nothing left,
But the demon's bold assurance, and happy home bereft.

Finally, but one cow was left for the family use,
Likewise some chickens, and a big white goose.
An old shepherd dog, looking lonely and forlorn,
Was chained much of the time in a tumbled-down barn.
He was quiet and peaceful, if left alone,
But woe be unto you if you his fields did roam.
He was ferocious and fierce as he could be,
And ran many a prankish boy up a tree,
Or over a barbed wire fence into the creek,
Coming from the race with scratched hands or feet.

One pleasant day this dog went out to explore,
And took possession of a strange front door.
He marched up the walk so quiet and sedate,
While the hammock was quickly vacated, ere 'twas too late.
For a maid was resting so comfy and so nice,
But when she espied that dog she grew cold as ice.
And with chills creeping up and down her back,
Hurriedly planned what to do in case of an attack.
Soon, he lay down upon the mat, and began to snore,
While she was barricaded behind the oaken door.

At last, with the door slightly ajar,
Stooping, she ventured out, not too far,
Stroking him gently, while watching his eye,
Tho she was frightened, and ready to die.
Bravely she talked to him in a coaxing way,
While he never stirred, but quietly lay,
Gazing with eyes so penetrating and keen,
Till you wondered what his silence did mean.
When, without warning, he suddenly arose,
And began to notice you, and your clothes.

Then 'twas decided to give him a treat,
While she placed before him a plate of meat;
Sat it down, and stepped aside
While he ate, and ate till he almost died.
Soon 'twas discovered why Shep was free,
His master, it seems, was off on a spree.
Now, Shep was a dog long past his prime,
But that you know, was no dog's crime.
This dog was wise as wise could be,
But one never knew what those eyes did see.

His master, such a quaint old Irishman,
Had lived on the place since the world began.
But Shep seemed determined to desert his post,
While the master would call, then loudly boast
Of what he would do when he caught that dog;
While Shep crouched down, lying like a log,
Eyes half closed, making not the least sound,
Till his master went trudging homeward bound,
Shep's eyes following him all the way,
Looking sad and distressed, old and gray.

One day the door bell rang loud and clear,
Promptly it was answered, without thot or fear,
But when it was opened, who should be there,
But that odd old man, dressed with unusual care.
You knew at a glance 'twas his Sunday best,
With broad brimmed hat, and a fancy vest,
Brogans rough, and a tie of green,
You wanted to laugh, and wanted to scream,
But the impulse soon passed, as you gaze in fear,
At the aged man, tottering, lonely and drear.

And now, the old farmhouse must be torn down,
To make room for a dwelling in the fast-spreading town.
And he must be leaving in a day or so,
Tho as yet he had no place wherever to go.
Now, his faithful old dog he must give away,
For he had noticed the dog was anxious to stay.
So this is how a shepherd dog came to be
A watch dog for a new community.
After petting and stroking Shep's glossy head,
The old man left, and soon he was dead.

One day a policeman came loitering that way,
Saying that dog must be shot without delay.
For you have a neighbor, who claims he's a pest,
As he barks so at night she can not rest.
This policeman seemed pleasant as could be,
But he would do his duty as only he could see.
So Shep was given to a man living miles away,
Never did they dream but what he would stay.
But one night, when all was quiet without,
A familiar bark was heard, and all gave a shout.

Then rushed to the door to welcome him home,
For he had returned, tired of foot, sore and lame.
There was rejoicing on the street that night,
While each swore to defend him and forever to fight.
This land had been his since his birth,
Should a cold-hearted stranger belittle his worth?
No, they would keep him whate'er be the cost,
Never would they part with him, e'en tho sleep was lost.
For dogs were supposed to bark at night,
And ward off intruders when not doing right.

Now the man came back the very next day,
To claim his dog and to take him away.
But was met with a volley, we had changed our mind,
You can't have old Shep again you'll find.
For a dog that will come a journey like that,
Shall end his days on his old home track.
And for years he lived a happy dog's life,
Roaming fields of verdure, forgetting dogly strife.
On o'er the dewy meadows, where cattle were wont to graze,
For he was a dog of importance in those olden days.

When off to pasture he had raced with the herd,
Dreaming naught of angry breakers ahead;
But dogs it would seem are not free from a foe,
They find them no doubt wherever they go.
But a man who will deliberately poison and kill,
Should suffer the consequence, tho much 'gainst his will.
How any one could poison a dog like Shep,
Leaving him dying on his own doorstep,
Is unworthy the friendship of man or beast,
Till the heart be cleansed of its savage thirst.

Now, a cruel heart can ne'er escape,
And in due time will they meet their fate.
When each must reap whatsoever they have sown,
For wrongs are but sins that all must atone.
Often they remember when it is too late,
We are told to love and not to hate.
And when a dog is faithful and true,
He too should live as well as you.
Farewell, old Shep, you were loyal and kind,
And your memory will ever linger in our mind.

The Miser

There lived a man in our town, as deaf as a post,
Who went pussyfooting round, like old Satan's ghost;
He was feared and he was hated by every one in town,
With his rattling old bones and sly dark frown.
He would lend you his money, with interest high,
And then foreclose the mortgage, bye and bye.

Now, this wicked old miser was rich as a Jew,
For he owned the bank and all the stores too;
Boys called him skinflint when he passed them by,
But he just chuckled and drew down his other old eye.
And went on shuffling down the dusty street,
With only a scowl for those whom he would meet.

Now, where he had come from, never did he tell,
But a wit once said he had come from h———,
With his old hickory cane, so knotty and so bent,
He may by his majesty, old Satan, have been sent.
For he seemed never happy unless grief and despair
Had entered some farm house when the Sheriff had been there.

He had lived in this town for well nigh forty year,
And never entered any church so far as you could hear;
But he knew the good parson, calling him by name,
Though he never gave a penny and seemed to feel no shame.
He kept on with his hoarding and piling up his cash,
Until one day 'twas said soon his checks in he would pass.

Now, when this rich, despised miser comes to die,
There won't be a soul in town to lament nor to cry;
For years he has lived and dreamed of his yellow gold,
With never a thot of those made homeless or cold
By his greed for wealth and mad desire to conquer and to bend.
But now, alas, the Master calls, and he is near the end.

At last he awaits at his Master's gate,
Crying, ah, is it for me, good Lord, forever too late?
Oh! had I but been to the parson a friend,
And given some gold for his church to mend;
Or clothed the needy, and fed the poor,
Then been a welcome guest at the Master's door.

But when the old parson from this world must depart,
The whole town will turn out, bless his dear heart.
Years ago he came with his bride, so modest and fair,
And he has worked, and labored, for his people there,
With interest in all, gaining trust and love,
Now soon he will be called to his home above.

Jingle Rhymes

Some folks play, and some folks work,
And some folks don't do nothing but shirk.
Some folks don't have nothing to say,
While some folks hustle all the day.

Some folks look sad, and some folks look mad,
And some folks don't do nothing but gad.
Some folks laugh, and some folks cry,
And some folks they just naturally die.

Some folks sing as they go about,
While some folks think it a sin to shout.
Some folks are just filled with mirth,
And some folks are better off the earth.

Some folks you just love to greet,
And some folks you dread to meet.
Some folks don't care a hang what's done,
And some folks only live for fun.

Some folks keep the Sabbath-day,
And some folks climb in their autos and run off to play.
Some folks like a quiet little game,
And some folks think it a wicked shame.

Some folks like to dance and sing,
And some folks never do a bloomin' thing.
Some folks whisper in church so loud,
And some folks look like a thunder cloud.

Some folks want to be the whole show,
And some folks never have any place to go.
Some folks play cards all the week,
While some folks go to church, its blessings to seek.

Some folks like to attend a show,
And some folks think they're going to perdition, you know.
Some folks gossip with all their might,
And some folks look like a perfect fright.

Some folks never find time to be funny,
And some folks always take time to make money.
Some folks are doing what is always just right,
And some time they'll blow away as high as a kite.

A Boy's Soliloquy

Gee, I wisht I didn't have to go to school,
I most think I'd rather be a fool.
There's Bill Simp's a goin' a fishen;
Well, 'taint no use to be a wishen.
Dad says I've got to study hard;
An' some day I'll be a pedagogue.
Course, I don't know what that means,
En it just naturally seems
Like I'd rather go a fishin' every day.
Or huntin' bird's nests on the way.
Ed Smart, he allus goes to school;
En he's the biggest kind of a fool.
He don't never play, he's the teacher's pet;
Me en Bill Simp 'el get him yet;
I throwed a spit ball upon the wall,
Then I wuz just a studyen, not lookin' up a-tall.
But he jest looked scared-like, straight at me,
Till the teacher couldn't help but see.
Then she calls out, so kinder sweet,
"Robert, you may come up here, and take a seat."
Then everone laffed, 'cept Ed. Smart,
He went on a studyen, learnen everything by heart.
Dad, he alus says, "Well, what did you learn today?"
En then I have to think up somthin' to say.
Sometimes he scolds like fury, en looks so mad,
Ma, she don't say nothin', she just looks sad.
Gosh, reckon I'll have to study to make her smile;
Why, I believe I'm tired of fishin' for a while.

Discovered Friends

'Twas said by a poet and sage of long years ago,
That friends were not made, but discovered, you know.
Then on life's great highway or byway, village or town,
Just give a cheery hello, when a fellow looks down.
For you'll meet weary pilgrims, lonely and sad,
That a friendly nod will make joyous and glad.
While a few kindly words, perhaps a grip of the hand,
And you're his friend for life, in a friendly land.

If you should travel east, or should travel west,
Knowing not whithersoever you would find rest,
With your grip packed full of friendly cheer,
You will always find a friend quite near.
For people are the same the wide world o'er,
If you but carry a cargo of friendly store.
For a smile sincere, and a glance that is true,
Will find a welcome response awaiting for you.

Friends you will find in queer out of way places,
For smiles are the same from kindly faces.
But a frown ugly and dark, and face solemn and long,
Will chill and freeze, though the heart be strong.
For many there be, coarsely clad and roughly shod,
But beneath the garment beats a heart warm and proud,
Who would gladly welcome you as comrade or friend,
If you but a smile would to them send.

The Wrangling Companions

A crabbed old man, and his scolding wife,
Who had lived together the most of their life
Would bicker, and wrangle, early and late,
Each boasting of merits of their own home State.

She was from Georgia, while he was from Maine,
And they had for each other the strangest nickname.
She was his hard-tack, and he, a pine tree,
And no matter the subject, they could never agree.

Now, there's nothing he did worry o'er,
As he continued to litter up the tidy floor.
While she, tired soul, vainly struggled every day,
To make him see the error of his careless way.

If told to bring in wood and kindle up the fire,
Immediately he must practice for the village choir,
While he pumped at the organ, and made it to wheeze,
She sputtered, and argued, and stirred up a breeze.

The dog-eared old hymn-book he opened wide,
With one hand a playing his anger to hide.
Voice trembling with emotion, and guiltiness too,
But nothing would stop him till he was through.

She longed for the cotton fields, sweet potatoes, and corn,
And old black mammy, she had loved since she was born.
The little pickanannies playing round the open door,
Now, alas, how things had changed, and not like it was before.

He claimed his home was the grandest old State,
And known round the world for her granite and slate.
He would not live in Georgia, where idle folks live,
Then she flushed with anger, vowing never to forgive.

One day the doctor came, and said that she would die,
Then pine tree waved his arms, and earnestly did cry,
Oh, save my hard-tack, and I will take her home
To her dear old Georgia, where together we will roam.

So peace was restored, when each understood
That years of strife would but stifle the good.
Now she's satisfied to live in Maine,
Saying all people and States are much the same.

While he does his best to be tidy and neat,
Leaving nothing lying around under the feet,
With shoes neatly polished every day,
Clothes no longer tossed down, for wife to put away.

To Margie

The Maid With the Irish Eyes

A modest little lassie, with eyes of Irish blue,
Rosebud lips, dipped in the morning dew,
A smile like the sunshine on a summer's day,
Wavy chestnut ringlets o'er classic brow would stray.
Ears like sea shells, tossed up by a stormy sea,
Cheeks like peach blow petals upon a leafy tree.

A dainty little creature, with eyes of Irish blue,
Timidly approaching with a shy little smile for you.
Naive was the little lassie, so graceful and slender,
With voice like a gurgling spring, melodious and tender.
A precious pearl was she, an iridescent gem, gritty and true,
Loyal to friends is my lassie, with eyes of Irish blue.

What's the Use?

Have you ever tried to please everyone?
If so, then you know that it can't be done.
For do what you may,
Someone will say,
"O, why did you this?"
Robbing you of bliss.
Or, "Why did you that?"
Crushing you flat;
Or, "Well, I don't quite see,"
Anything but to agree.
No matter what the point,
They'll pull it out of joint,
No matter what you say,
They always have a better way,
So what's the use?

To My Friends, and Associates
This Little Booklet Is Lovingly Dedicated
By
Lulubell Delzelle

Preface

With careless steps have I journeyed on, till months have passed away,
Since I was asked by friends, at the close of a pleasant day,
To make and read before the club, some simple verse in rhyme,
Of something that's happened amongst us in our day and time,
In the Organized Women, of the Calendar Club;
But what to say of them; now that's the rub.

Well, they are neither rich nor poor, but satisfied with life,
Most of them are married, and some man's cheery wife;
I was warned by one, "Ada Barrett," so laughing and gay,
Not to tell how she had to be dunned before she would pay
Her monthly pledge of those pennies once so bright,
Tho she knew it was perfectly proper and right.

Let me introduce you to these folks, and ease my restless mind,
They are not always serious, you will very quickly find;
So read these pages carefully, surveying each one well,
For in the following pages, a story I may tell
Of these gracious, willing women, such a joyous, merry crew,
Who serve on every righteous cause, and never quite get through.

Now, dear friends, I'll leave you, and go about my task,
But may you please be lenient, is all that I will ask;
For I am somewhat perplexed, you may soon perceive,
So be kind in your criticism, and cause me not to grieve.
I labor not for fame, but may this ever to you bring
A little more of sunshine while sweet memories round you cling.

CONTENTS

	Page
Morning and Evening Prayers	85
My Valentine to You	86
The Class Contest	90
Our Workers No. 1	92
Our Workers No. 2	96
Off to the (C. W. B. M.) Bay Union	104
The Processional	110
Take the Step, Or the Christian's Confession	111
Bethany Circle	112
In Memoriam	114
At Moss Wood Park	115
Seeking a New President	118

Morning Prayer

Dear Lord,

The dawn is now fast breaking,
While the night has journeyed by;
And from our sleep awaking,
In secret we lift our eyes to Thee, and cry
E're we go about our daily task,
We come to Thee, and may we ask
That with us Thou wilt walk this day,
And help us thru life's uncertain way;
O, give us strength, and faith as well,
That we falter not, but at Thy feet may ever dwell.

Amen.

Evening Prayer

Dear Lord,

We come to Thee, at the close of day,
At this quiet hour, do we humbly pray;
O, keep us through another night,
And lead us ever by Thy might;
Forgive us Lord, wherein we err,
And give us still Thy tender care;
May we always strive to do Thy will,
To seek the truth, and obey Thee still,
Then teach us, Father, every one,
To say, not my will, but Thine, be done.

Amen.

My Valentine To You

Orders are orders, as all people know,
So quickly get in line, smiling as you go,
For the call to arms was sounded, so that everyone
Can take part in this, our battle of yearly fun.
Then may each one get busy and avoid a gentle row,
Do not be a slacker, and pretend you don't know how;
No one can shirk a duty, when notified in time,
That's why this strange and curious rhyme.
For orders are orders, you know.

Now, I'll hesitate no longer, but hasten to proceed,
With a simple story, that all who will may read;
And fill the mind with knowledge, of an old and well-known fact,
But, in recalling this old tale, my brain is well nigh racked.
For 'tis no easy task to travel backward o'er the years,
And delve beneath the cobweb walls of many joys and fears,
Recalling scenes forgotten and many a smiling face,
That in those youthful days held a warm and friendly place,
But orders are orders, you know.

Well, some few years ago, when the city was small,
We worshiped, 'tis said, in old Hamilton Hall;
Now, many there are, who were but children then,
But they will always remember the women and men
Who took part in the service, and cried Amen,
Till the rafters shook, and the young folks giggled,
And the parson frowned, and the deacons threatened,
While some left hurriedly, ere the meeting was over.
For orders are orders, you know.

In those olden times, now many years ago,
We were called the Ladies' Aid, you know;
When white-frilled caps, and the quilting bee,
Were quite the fashion, with a cup of tea.
While they talked in whispers, soft and low,
With never a thought of a movie show,
Or a baseball game, or a Sunday hike;
But drove with their husbands down the pike.
For orders are orders, you know.

A strange, old fashioned, silent sight,
Prim and erect, never looking to left nor to right;
Whose very instinct was to listen and obey;
While he, her lordly master, went calmly on his way.
She, quaint and timid, with eyes cast down,
Dressed in a mantle of velvet, and bombazine gown.
Dreamed strange fancies of future womenhood;
"Go forward, learn wisdom, and build for world-wide good,"
For orders are orders, you know.

Now it is all very different, with the Organized Women,
Who are the same old Aid, with a modern name given;
They work with a will, and they work with a might,
And turn not aside, when they know they are right.
They work for this cause, and they work for that,
With never a thought of gown or a new Spring hat,
Ask never a question and show never a doubt,
But pull together, for all that's out,
For orders are orders, you know.

From those piecers of quilts, and weavers of dreams,
Came a vision of heaven, and brightly it gleams,
For those toiling pilgrims, while paving the way;
Lo, I can hear their voices, as ardently they pray,
That the work commenced may be well done
On through the ages, till the race be won.
Now, many who watched, and labored, have gone to sleep,
Into that mysterious, veiled and unknown deep,
For orders are orders, you know.

Now this seems a stupid thing to do;
I'm aware of the fact, and so are you;
But suppose we were all so silent and shy,
With long-drawn faces, and an ever-ready sigh;
Far better it be for each and every one,
That you enter in the frolic, and also in the fun;
Don't be backward, but come play the game,
And we will promise to do the same,
For orders are orders, you know.

Then here's to our workers, so noble and true,
You'll not find a better lot, tho you search the city through;
They are noted for good deeds, both great and small;
It matters not what's doing, when they hear an urgent call,
Quickly they gather from the busy, bustling throng,
They need no special music, to help them carry on;
Each one starts a going—north, south, east or west,
Until that call is answered, they never think of rest.
For orders are orders, you know.

Well, I think I've nobly done my share;
For a poem like this is really quite rare;
I have stood before you with palpitating heart,
Determined that I would bravely do my part.
Though trembling with a secret fear and dread,
To thee I dedicate this ode, and to our sacred dead.
Honor, and reverence, and peace be to those
Whose work is finished, and rest in repose,
For orders are orders, you know.

Then, look to the left, and look to the right;
Stand by your guns, and enter the fight,
Hold fast to your faith, that overcomes doubt,
That your light may shine brightly, all about;
Keep smiling as onward thru life you go,
It will help to lighten the burdens so;
And now, dear friends, that I've had my say,
I must bid you adieu and hasten on my way,
For orders are orders, you know.

Read before the Calendar Club of the
Organized Women
Of the First Christian Church
Of Oakland, Calif.,
February 14, 1919.

The Class Contest
Between the Men's Class and Bethany Circle
(The Woman's Class)

I don't like to say, I told you so,
But I knew all along you wouldn't make it go,
For you can't beat our class, try as you may,
For those Bethany folks always do what they say.
And they said you shouldn't,
And I knew you wouldn't,
So you will have to find some other way to win your points and enlarge your class,
For we don't intend to let you pass.
We have our captain, and we have our crew,
And our ship is strong, and our compass is true,
And as we line up at the end of the game,
We will expect you to do the same.
We are anxious to see how you compare with us,
Seeing you have boasted and made such a fuss;
There is one thing though we are not likely to forget,
And we will hold you to your promise, you can just bet;
For we will all be on time, in our best bib and tucker,
And we want you to know we'll expect some supper;
Now, you needn't hang around, thinking we will bake your pies,
For we will kidnap any woman who even so much as tries,
But we want it served dainty, and we want it served nice,
Then at the close, enjoy a nice ice.
We are truly sorry for you, but we can't help you out,
Seeing you made the bargain, you can't afford to pout,

So just buckle on your armor, and go quietly to work,
You will feel all the better should you not try to shirk;
We wish you good luck from the bottom of our heart,
But our last warning word is—don't feed us on shark.
Now, hurry up and send out your bids,
For we're waiting for that pasteboard like a bunch of kids;
So, get out your swallowtail and your high silk hat,
You can't bluff us, I'll just tell you that.
Bring your parsons and your deacons, and your whole blessed bunch,
We'll be a match for you, now from me, that's a hunch.
Then you might bring out your buzz-wagons and take us all home,
Seeing it is not considered safe for a woman to roam.
Well, as this is all we have to tell,
We bid you all a fond farewell,
First, giving you our Circle yell.

By Permission

Circle yell—B-E-T-H-A-N-Y—That's how you spell it,
That's how you yell it;
That's our name,
Making folks glad,
That's our game.

Our Workers
Of the Organized Women, of the Calendar Club

I am feeling pretty worried, over what I've been asked to do,
For time is getting shorter, and the days are getting few;
When twelve names were given me, with a request that I get busy,
The shock was so great that ere I had started I began to feel dizzy;
But I pulled myself together, with an effort and a sigh,
For well do I remember those words of do or die;
I just buckled on my armor, as did those warriors of old,
For I had pledged my word that a story should be told.
And taking up my pad and pencil, sat me down before my hearth,
Where the glowing coals and embers weave strange fancies, oft of worth;

First, I see a band of women, faces kind, thoughtful and sincere,
Doing deeds of mercy, with words of sympathy and cheer;
And a modest little woman, "Mrs. F. O. N.," in the midst of garments strange,
Leads her workers on to battle, with her courage and her range.
While in the midst of noise and clatter, of machine guns running fast,
This busy little captain passes out to each her task.
For each garment must be finished ere the closing of the day,
With its tapes, buttons, and red crosses, to be shipped without delay.

When the whistles shrieked the noon hour, work is quickly put aside,
And a table spread for dainties, each one from her box supplied;
While a steaming tea-pot sizzles, in the hands of hurrying ones,
Who had gone forth to the kitchen without the aid of beating drums;
And oft some woman more courageous than the rest,
Stormed our good parson's study, "Rev. H. A. Van W.," capturing him by request.
Then boldly leading forth her captive, placed him in a chair supplied
Perchance, from the little folks' department, 'twas most amusing none have denied.

It was a most happy family, gathered round that little board,
Tho many had heart-aches, hidden away, I've been told;
For war is cruel, and war is long, and it's hard to be merry when nations have gone wrong.
Then, quickly gathering up the fragments, when the allotted half-hour was up,
Each one hastened back to finish her garment, put aside for the tea-cup.

Now, another picture comes before mine eyes, as I sit
and dream of days that's past;
Strange, but this too, is filled with faces very like the
last,
Only each is busy with quite a different task;
I see a little dark haired woman, "Mrs. C. R. S.," serious
eyes of gentle strength,
Leading, urging on a system of seemingly great worth.
I see a huge calendar hanging on the walls of time,
And this earnest little woman is the year, with bells
that chime;
Then the months, twelve in number, bringing in a fruit-
ful store,
While those bells began their chiming, as bells have
never chimed before.

Now I see a huge jar, standing just beneath this calen-
dar great,
Filled with every kind of blossoms, while a rose vine
twines o'er a pillared gate;
And every rose and every blossom is a day tinged with
all the rainbow's golden hue,
While they give of their life, their love, their strength,
as only flowers do.

This is the birth of our Calendar Club, of which we represent
First, the Year, then the Months, then the Days, all on a mission bent;
Loyal, devoted, faithful and true, they are always finding some good to do;
They work through sunshine, and they work through rain,
They work through sickness, and they work through pain;
They are all of them merry, and all of them gay,
And laugh and frolic, while passing on their way.

Our Workers, of the Organized Women "Known Also, As The Calendar Club"

Now, these are the names that were given to me,
And I know with me you will all agree
They are the jolliest set you ever did see.
Would I could leave it with you, what I should do,
For I'm at my wits' end, now that's really true.
Well, first comes Sprague-Lowry, and Brown-McCann,
Then Brockway-Van Winkle, sounds like a Scotch clan.
Then Nicholson-Smith, and Armstrong too,
My stars, I simply don't know what to do.
Then Nebeker-Evans, did you ever hear of the like?
With Delzelle trailing along, now isn't that a fright,
Still, I must keep on going.

Well, first comes our President, "Mrs. C. R. S.," whom we love and adore,
And we will bless her dear name forevermore.
Her old home town, we can ne'er forget,
For Munsey was her favorite theme, and pet;
She is rather quiet, and also rather shy,
Tho for the life of me I can't see why.
For if I had engineered a thing so great,
I would be proud as Punch, now that's no mistake.

Now, let us start with the months of the year,
January, "Mrs. L. B. D.," coming first, let us start right here;
I have lived with this month, for many a day,
So I fear I'll have but little to say.
However, there's an adage, old and true,
Saying we can't see ourselves as other folks do.
Still, she is proud of her family, and proud of her name,
And that's quite enough for any good dame.

February (Mrs. H. W. McC.) is a quiet little elf, who
smiles and sings,
And to her friends much pleasure brings;
But her month is a delusion and a snare,
For the days she robs you of are no nightmare.
When to her days she goes to collect, and present them
with a dun,
They are so surprised to find instead of twenty-eight
it's mostly thirty-one.

March (Mrs. R. L.) keeps going for thirty-one days,
And finds her labors advantageous in many ways,
Now she needs no music to keep her in step,
For she is always filled with what's known as pep;
Her latest march was to collect some money
For the Y. W. C. A. girls, who are all quite chummy.
She can even preach, when the occasion demands,
So we are thinking of sending her to foreign lands.

April (Mrs. Francis B.) is as wise as you will find in all
the town,
Who thinks of something besides a new gown.
She is a prohibitionist, from top to toe,
But there is no use of me telling you so.
She flutters over her brood her work to do,
Giving much time to the W. C. T. U.,
Working also for the five-mile zone,
That our good sailor laddies may not idly roam.
When she starts a thing it's got to go thru,
Just join her month and she will tell you what to do.

May (Mrs. B. F. S.) bakes cakes, and pies, and buns,
Tho her girlhood was spent in practicing scales and runs;
But when she got married, alas, and alack,
That music went scaling right over her back.
Softly she hums some love song of old,
That for ages and ages has ever been told,
As she bustles about from room to room,
Industriously plying her duster and broom;
Whatever she does is neat and well,
And so this story I gladly tell.

June (Mrs. Van W.) is clever, joyous, bright-eyed and gay;
Who does things in a most amazing way.
She helps her good husband his sermons to prepare,
While he labors diligently for his children's welfare.
She helps with the program, she sings in the choir,
Works for new days, for the pennies they desire;
Is never called upon that she does not gladly respond,
And is just full of mischief when no one is around.
Now there is one thing she has been just crazy to do,
But while good husband was around she did not dare pursue.
Tho she kept thinking of it each and every day,
Until at last, heaven be praised, husband was called away.
Now was her chance, she could scarcely wait,
She must hasten, lest the hour grow late.
So, quickly donning her coat and hat,
While grabbing the key from off the rack,
She rushed to the garage, threw open the door,
Turning on the gas, thinking the city to explore;

She climbed in all right, oh, the joy was just great,
Now she would show that smart husband, for was she not his mate?
When all of a sudden, oh my, land sakes alive,
Something's gone wrong, sounds like bees in a hive.
She pulled at this lever, she pulled at that,
While the auto ran, jumped, and turned in its track.
It ran over the lawn, up the neighbor's walk,
While she could neither scream nor talk.
Fortunately, it just missed the neighbor's house,
While she was working frantically, as scared as a mouse.
Now she never will know how she ever got it stopped,
For her brain was on fire, while her brow she mopped,
But suddenly it quieted down with a groan and a moan,
Luck was with her, for she was still at home.
But that balky old steed must be put away,
For when husband returned oh, what would he say?
But friends came to her rescue, locking it up in its stall,
While husband would never have been any wiser at all,
If a wee little bird had not whispered to him
Saying, "Go out and look at your auto, so trim";
Now, she just surmising what he was about,
Went up to him, with a sweet little pout,
And fessed up, like a sport, 'twas the right thing to do,
Now this story must end, or I'll never get through.

July is when our Elvora packs her grip and seeks a warmer clime,
Now, she has a system all her own of how to save the dime,
For she goes away each season, she always finds a way,
But she pays her coppers up in full before she goes to stay.
She spends her money wisely, and never uses gum,
Tho she will run off to Modesto, where Virgil has the fun.

August (Mrs. J. C. N.) we have heard of St. Nick, at Christmas, and heard of old Nick below,
But we have a Nick who must use a pick, she brings in the pennies so;
We are just a wee bit suspicious for fear her dear husband she's robbed,
We don't want her to rifle John's pockets; if she does, we may be mobbed;
We can't get on to her system, tho of days she has more than a few,
Does she cry, "Hands up" when she meets them, or talk them into a stew?
She knows how to bring in the pennies, all neatly tied up in a bag,
While many feel like slackers, tho they have worked till they are limp as a rag;
However, she's a mighty good sport, and takes her bantering as one should,
Bringing in each month her coppers that others would, if they could.

September (Mrs. E. S.) is always searching for people in distress;
Or gathering up garments for the making of a dress,
That they may join the volunteers in the Master's cause.
While to keep them interested in the work never does she pause;
She keeps a list of the infants, for cradle role, as well,
And many a dreary story could our September tell,
Of homes of misfortune, dejection and fear,
Lest poverty enter to stay, and rob them of cheer;
Tho as the rustling leaves take on their Autumn tint,
This worker still gives of her time, and strength, without stint;
She is always cheerful, with naught but kind words to say,
While passing on life's great highway.

October (Mrs. H. P. E.) starts the little ones off to school,
Then gathers up garments, tops, balls and spool,
Makes up the beds, and tidies the house,
While the place seems as quiet as a mouse;
At noon they troop in, with a shout and a bang,
With appetites keen as orang-outangs.
At last they are off for an hour or so,
And mother gets ready for an evening show,
Father comes home, and they go out,
For they are two sports without a doubt.
They go here, and they go there,
With never a thought, or a single care,
What care they for the chicks at home?
They are out for a lark, and away they roam.
Once a month mother comes to the Calendar Club,
While father stays home the clothes to rub.
Occasionally they slip off for a quiet game,
While life goes on just the same.
I was told to go as far as I liked,
But I'll have to stop, while yet it is light.

November (Mrs. W. J. A.) is prankish, lively and gay;
She was brought up in the good, old-fashioned way.
She was taught to do dishes, wash and bake,
And never any foolish pleasures to take.
She has always wanted to learn to dance,
But has never had a wee bit of a chance.
With those jet black eyes, and cheeks aglow,
She would shine like a twinkling star, you know;
Now, she is a mischievous twin, they say,
And many a trick has she been known to play.
Well, these sisters went to a party one night,
Friends spoke to one, but she didn't look right,

She was pleasant and gracious and all of that,
While each hurriedly put aside wraps and hat,
Looked in the mirror for a final peek,
Hastening down stairs, the hostess, "Mrs. D. C. N.," to greet.
When, lo and behold, coming in thru the door,
Was a phantom so real as it crossed the floor,
Then it occurred to them, 'twas the other one,
So all acknowledged that the twins had won.

December (Mrs. F. O. N.) this is the merriest month of the year;
With the mistletoe, holly and world-wide cheer;
She is fond of a joke, is always full of fun,
And makes a fine captain, and is ever on the run,
For she brings in the pennies for all that's out,
Being a close second to our good Nick scout;
Makes a good leader, like some soldier bold,
Seeing that others do as they have been told.
She can lead a procession like a queen,
And is the same little Jodie she was at sixteen.

And now I've a secret I fain would impart;
Your rejoicing, I know, will come straight from your heart.
You have gone over the top with a leap and a bound,
For this Calendar system is great, all have found.
Loyal have you been, and faithfully kept your pledge,
So, here's to the ladies, who never shirk nor hedge.
'Twas a big undertaking, some few at first looked pale,
But each went to work without murmur or wail;
The amount looked large—six hundred or more,
Which you know from experience, is no easy chore.

You must go right on gathering grain for the mill,
For the wheels of time, never stand still.
And the days go fast, and life doesn't last,
So just keep on going and never grow weary,
But keep up your spirits and look smiling and cheery,
Do your part as you have done in the past,
And success will crown your every efforts at last.

Read before the Calendar Club
Of The Organized Women,
In
March, 1919.

Off to the (C. W. B. M.) Bay Union
A Little Local News

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-ling, ling-a-ling,
The telephone calls with a loud, shrill ring.
Hello! Hello! Hel-lo-o! How exasperating,
I stand at this phone, till my bones are quaking;
One never knows whether it be friend or foe,
But answer you must, or have few places to go.

Yes! Yes! Oh, hello, Miss Hester! What's that you say?
Will I go to Concord? Why, y-e-s. What day?
Say, that would be sport; 'twould surely be fine,
O, you know you can trust me, I'll be on time.
Meet at the corner, by the big red church?
Never fear, I'll not leave them in the lurch.

What time did you say? Oh, so early as that?
Well, I'll make an earnest effort, I promise that;
But tell me, who are to be the crowd,
Nicholson, Cox, Potter, and Lowry to drive?
Duffy, Farrell, and little Delzelle,
How perfectly splendid, it surely sounds well.

Now the very next morning, at the appointed time,
Two ladies met at about the hour of nine, Delzelle and Duffy,
On the steps of the big red church,
Under the shade of a huge old birch.
They talked of war, and then of State,
The high cost of living, while the hour grew late.

They glanced at their watches, with a look of surprise,
Each smiling sweetly, "being women," they were wise;
But the air was fresh, and the morn was mild,
So they chatted on current topics, and gaily smiled.
Talked of the Capitol city, and mutual friends,
And Red Cross work, and the Government's demands.

Just here comes an auto, in haste down the street,
Drawing up at the curve, where they were to meet;
Then they pile in, and are off on their way,
With laughter and merriment, all are so gay.
Could they make it in time for the opening prayer?
No, they would make it in time for lunch, and they should care.

Well, where is the church, didn't anyone know?
Well, mercy sake, wherever would they go?
Finally, they enter a village, dusty, quaint and old,
Stop at a drug store, where soda pop is sold,
And the young chaps hang out, the gossip to hear,
Or size up the stranger, when they venture near.

On the opposite corner stood a bank, shiny and new,
And to this Mrs. Potter must go, the Teller to interview;
Why demur, for the court had decided, and she must obey,
So, make haste, and see what the Teller would say.
But when she returned, what was her surprise,
To find them boldly questioning a man, in farmer's disguise.

Now this strange country man had driven up in his car,
And seemed to be waiting for some one from afar;
Tho he looked them all over, then silently mused;
While to many of their comments he seemed greatly confused.
He looked so wise, and seemed in no hurry to leave,
Till with his silent scrutiny they became a bit peeved.

Now, as the scout (Mrs. Potter) was slow to return,
The kind-hearted driver (Mrs. Lowry) could no longer refrain,
So quietly speaking, and with eyes filled with glee,
"Please, Sir, could you tell us where this church can be?"
"Well," said the stranger, with a smile broad and sweet,
"There's some sort of a church a ways down the street.

"Let's see; it's about two blocks down, then turn to the right;
I don't go to church myself," with a look of shame and fright.
"Well, why don't you? We all go to church, and do we look so bad?"
"Well, I didn't take you for church folks; you look so happy and glad.
You look more like a bunch of political women to me,
Out gathering votes for the next primary."

"Well, of all the nerve," said each one to the other,
As he speeded away in his car, round the corner.
While the scout (Mrs. Potter) so modest and wise,
Stepped forward, with a look of indignant surprise
Saying, "Well, what did you say to him; what stunt did you try,
That he seemed so pleased with himself, as he whizzed by?"
Now. they started a-going, they knew not just where,
Forgetting their scout, till near the town square;
But when she was questioned, oh, what was the matter,
For in the midst of their fun, noise and clatter,
She had become so confused, she had forgotten the way,
Was it turn to the left, or turn to the right—what did that Teller say?

They turn to the left, then to the right, as the farm-man did say,
And found a neat, attractive church not very far away;
Then, drawing up their gas steed, at a wide, open door,
Five stepped out to enter in, two going on, the auto to store.
And meeting at the entrance a kind and friendly face,
They enter in that union, with sympathetic grace.

Then, with music, and readings, and prayers a few,
And talks from the wise, and talks from the true,
Word is given for all to lunch at the big town-hall;
And the hungry pilgrims scattered, waiting not a second call.
They went in squads, and numbers both small and great,
The out-of-town ones famished, had no desire to wait.

'Twas a happy, merry, talkative throng,
With mission workers all down the snow-white line;
College girls, and college boys, all planning with a will,
With grey-hair'd elders, working till your heart almost stopped still.
Still those strange, deluded people must learn the better way,
And for this cause, we give our pledge, sending teachers who will stay.
Now, at the close of meeting, in this torrid, dusty burg,
Each went hieing onward eagerly, for ice cream was the word;
And when a place they find, all line up with a will,
Gathering round the stand eating or drinking their icy fill.
Then they sped along homeward, over the tunnel road,
Keeping in sight the other machines, each with a merry load.

But soon 'twas noticed that the Lesters were in distress,
So out those mission workers piled, vowing to do their best.
That balky Lester steed was thirsty, and craved its fill of gas,
It would not budge an inch up hill, and it could not chew on grass.
Now, who would suspect that our Lowry kept a private stock in store
She said within her car, was stored full twenty gallons or more.

But how to fill that greedy beast, with neither cup nor stein,
Was a problem hard to solve, for the Lesters must be home by dinner time,
Till some one went to seek a man who would a siphon bring,
From a little brown house beside the road, where vines and roses cling;
Where chicken dinners are served, in the good old Southern style,
Where people come in parties, then lingering for a while.

Now, dear Miss Hester was so shocked, she knew not what to do;
She sat silently within that car, looking so sad and blue,
While that old gas steed was given a drink, enough to kill a horse;
And when the fair driver turned it round, how she did rejoice.
But that ungrateful, selfish beast, without looking to left or right,
Dashed madly down the highway, passing every car in sight.

Now, have I endeavored to make quite clear,
A story of facts concerning comrades most dear,
Though no longer will I this theme discuss,
But hasten on that my readers may thus
Be not wearied, by a trip tedious and long,
But bid them God-speed in those three autos strong.

The Processional

When down the aisle the deacons tread, in silent, stately file,
A stillness falls upon the throng, and quiet reigns the while;
With lofty organ strains, then soft and sweet and low,
The echo of those sacred chords, soothe many an aching brow.

While the silent march continues, till round the table they stand,
Where veiled is the Saviour's Monument, for His own trusting band;
And the spirit of Him who gave, is always hovering near,
That you may feel His presence, and in your hearts find cheer.

Then the Elders, godly men and true,
Uncover the sacred emblems, that all who will may view.
When petitions and blessings are offered at this most sacred hour,
Then the Bread is broken and served you by those men of ancient power.

But to touch it with covered hands, as people sometimes do,
Comes only from a thoughtless mind; can this apply to you?
Then the Wine, in their tiny goblets so clear, you press to your lips with a sigh,
Thinking only of Him who gave His blood, and on the Cross did die.

'Tis finished, the cup is drained of all its bitter dreg,
While the Man of many sorrows, with His blood divinely shed,
Has left this emblem to the Church, and to His followers true,
With a message of peace, and love, and joy, if you but a simple act will do.

Then hark, when the choir doth sing, how their voices ring,
And the music swells o'er the scented air,
Guided by hands of "L. Hannibal's" loving, tender care,
Sounding like Angels forth from the pearly sky,
Chanting the heavenly chorus, while hovering nigh.

Then again, the deacons go forth with utmost care,
Gathering the tithes from each and everywhere.
While the organ, with a gladsome thrill,
Sends out a message of Peace and Good-will.
Then softly and gently, all is still.

Take the Step
Or the Christian's Confession

Oh, go with Him, 'tis the final test,
Accept His name, and love Him best.
Then be baptized, 'tis His last command,
And spread the gospel thruout the land;
It is such a little thing to do,
While it pleases Him to find you true.

Bethany Circle

This circle is like the old woman who lived in the shoe,
She is kept so very busy she don't know what to do.
But she never turns aside, and never once says nay,
And goes about her business in a systematic way.
Her coffers are filled with coppers, also many a dime,
While she keeps agoing, like soldiers marking time.
She is proud of her Captain, and proud of her band,
Taken altogether, they're the finest in the land.

They are of all ages, all sizes, and all style,
Making folks glad with their cheery smile.
They line up strong when a contest is on,
And give a circle yell, then a circle song.
They keep everybody moving in their energetic way,
And people all miss them when any of them stray.
But she will never stop agoing, nor give up her quest,
Till friends all join them and work their very best.

No drones are there among them, each labor all the day,
And once a month they gather, and enter into play.
The men drop in, so casual like, about the time they eat,
And a well-filled plate is given them, a Bethany Circle treat.
But still they hang around, seeming in no hurry to go,
And to be quite frank with you, I think we like it so.
At any rate, they linger, and enter in the fun,
Then strange tho it may seem, often see us safely home.

But the years are dying, yes, dying slow but sure,
The last month will perish like glittering dew-drops pure.
So enter into merriment, and bring the world more cheer,
For twelve months hence, some may not be here.
Already some have left us, and entered into rest,
And while we sorely miss them, surely God knoweth best;
So keep the fires burning brightly round the heart,
Its warmth will draw you nearer, and love will ne'er depart.

Then lift high your standard, unfurl your banner true,
Keep your lamps well trimmed, and a straight path in view.
Tho our days be often dismal, and we sometimes lose our way,
But when the clouds roll by, brighter will be the day.
Tomorrow will not be today, nor today be tomorrow,
So hold fast the true faith that lightens every sorrow.
Enter eagerly into the midst of the fight,
And labor on, dear Bethany, for truth and right.

In Memory of Mrs. Edward E. Cox

We can not forget when last we saw thee smile;
'Tis well we did not know that in so short a while
Thou wert to leave us, never to return,
Else the days of joy wouldst have been but days of pain.
We miss thee from our circle, we miss thee from the choir,
We miss thee from our gatherings, where we spend a social hour;
We miss thy voice in laughter, we miss thy voice in song,
We miss thee where'er we gather, to help good work along;
We know thy work is finished, tho sad we all may be,
But we shall meet again, dear friend, when God shall set us free.

In Memory of Mrs. Dora Savage

Another comrade has passed away;
A faithful Christian, now aged and gray,
Always in circle, always in pew,
With hand extended to welcome you.
A gentle pressure, a quiet smile,
A word of praise as she lingered a while.
She was ever ready to do her part,
A noble woman, with a noble heart.

At Moss Wood Park

Under the glorious heaven of God's own design,
The cool breezes blow, and the sun doth shine.
The wild flowers bloom in bright array,
And the birds sing out their mellow lay.
Clustering trees sway, till the echoes surge,
While soft zephyrs blow, like a funeral dirge.
Tall graceful hollyhocks of our grandmother's day,
With golden-winged butterflies soar o'er them in play.
And sweet-scented honeysuckle over trellis and bower,
Recall sweet memories of a well-remembered hour.

You ramble down pathways, both narrow and wide,
Where children with laughter rush past you to hide,
Over bridges of rustic and benches as well,
Where you pause to admire, overcome with its spell.
Then down the ravine of mystical, shadowy depths,
Where the myrtle and ivy creep over the rocks.
And the sly sluggish lizards, both of brown and of green,
Crawl round 'neath the foliage, where they reign supreme.
Then on to the playground, where children in glee,
Are playing at games, so happy and free.

Then boys with the bat, and boys with the ball,
Battling with vigor, like the world was to fall.
So eager of purpose, zealous and united desire,
They bat the ball round, then over, then higher.
Already they see themselves one of the League,
With visions of triumph on the field, they believe.
And, strange tho it seem, even slang is a part of the game,
Till round the world it has spread its fame.
A curious combination of boys' favorite lingo,
That is frantically practiced by all nations, by jingo.

Then, wonder of wonders, round the hour of noon,
Come hungry ones, with basket, box, cup and spoon,
Hastening to tables, built under the shade of the trees,
Where luncheon is spread, and you rest with ease.
Ah, me, that lunch was a marvel, you must agree,
It was the most wonderful spread you ever did see.
There were sandwiches, pickles, salads and jams,
Layer cakes, plain cakes, pies, and olives in cans.
Peaches and cream, coffee, cheese and tea,
Surely no feast was more perfect, as you can see.

A variety of subjects, both interesting and gay,
Were discussed quite to a finish, on this gala day.
Some few were distressingly dull and dried,
While upon others you laughed till you almost died.
There are always some comments made on the sly,
Others, who never pass remarks, but slyly wink their eye.
So long as they are friendly, so long as they are kind,
It makes but little difference in this earthly grind.
With eyes a-shining brightly, and voices buzzing like bees,
Each gather up the remnants, scattered underneath the trees.

Dignity is cast aside, as in a race they run,
Our band of Organized Women enter joyously into the fun.
But, alas, the great red sun, onward and swiftly seeks a newer day,
While the deepening, silent shadow, like a veil of somber gray,
Creeps round about, plowing its way thru glade and forest deep,
Till behind the endless chain of rugged mountain peak
Remains forever a picture, in memory's calendar of time,
Leaving hearts filled with gladness, while voices loudly chime.
Then you take a last look round you, ere you reach the exit way,
Closing out the scene forever of a well-spent, joyous day.

Dedicated to the
Organized Women of The First Christian Church
Of Oakland, Calif.,
August 21, 1919.

Seeking a New President

The Nominating Committee met by appointment one day,
To discuss and select someone without delay
For their next President, of the Organized Women,
But she must be up-to-date, and decidedly humane.
So a chairman was chosen and requested to look o'er the field,
And she, in time, determined on one, that to her appealed.

Immediately she approached her in a friendly way,
But the good lady laughed, and timidly turned away,
Replying in haste, "I am a stranger; it really can't be;
Please ask another; but, oh my, don't ask me.
Why, I wouldn't know what to do, nor what to say,
And I'd be frightened to death, anyway."

But the chairman calmly talked on, to ease her fear,
Saying, "Well, suppose you think it over, my dear."
Then, wisely discussing the merits of the Club,
And the work accomplished, with seeming magic rub.
Telling how each one is anxious to have a share
In this unique Club of workers so rare.

Then she described how they came from far and near,
Representing the months, the days, and always the year.
While the reports are given, and dues collected,
Then new members welcomed, for none are rejected
Who are morally upright, sincere and true,
And willing to labor, and lend, with a goal in view.

Now, often we seem not to make much impression,
But keep steadily on, why dream of regression.
So thot the chairman, who kept hot on her trail,
Never once discouraged, feeling she would finally prevail.
For even the telephone was worked overtime,
Leaving the woman scarcely time in which to dine.

At last, to friend husband for sympathy she appealed,
And he, "God bless him," advised her to gracefully yield.
While the chairman was happy, and filled with pride,
At the result of her labor, and this husband to guide.
When timidly she stood first before the waiting throng,
She was pale of face, with a faltering voice not strong.

She was welcomed amongst them with glad acclaim,
A stranger no longer, no, not even in name. "Mary Jane Dew."
While she labors faithfully, and labors well,
Even gathering up newspapers in her auto to sell.
Sending flowers, and fruit, to the sick and depressed,
Arranging banquets for classes, and that is a test.

Now, one day, she decided some bottles to sell,
So, calling for Armstrong, Nicholson and Delzelle,
They ransacked the closet those bottles to find,
Filling four boxes, empty, and all of a kind.
Then into her auto they piled them high,
And drove down the street, their luck to try.

But when they over the car tracks would pass,
How those bottles would rattle, clatter and crash.
While people would stop, stare and smile,
"Any rags, bottles, bags," Nicholson shouted all the while.
But Dew never faltered, for Armstrong had a friend she said,
Who would buy those bottles, we could depend.

They needed the money, how well did they know,
For never must their treasury be allowed to run low,
But Delzelle said, "Oh, what a lasting disgrace,
If we should be arrested and have to face
A jury, and tell where we, those bottles did find,
For papers' accounts are often ludicrously kind."

At last this nice man they finally found,
And he purchased those bottles, with scarcely a sound.
While they returned richer by seven and a half,
To add to their fun, oh, how they did laugh!
As they sped gaily along over Broadway,
Saying, "Well, this has been our lucky day."

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